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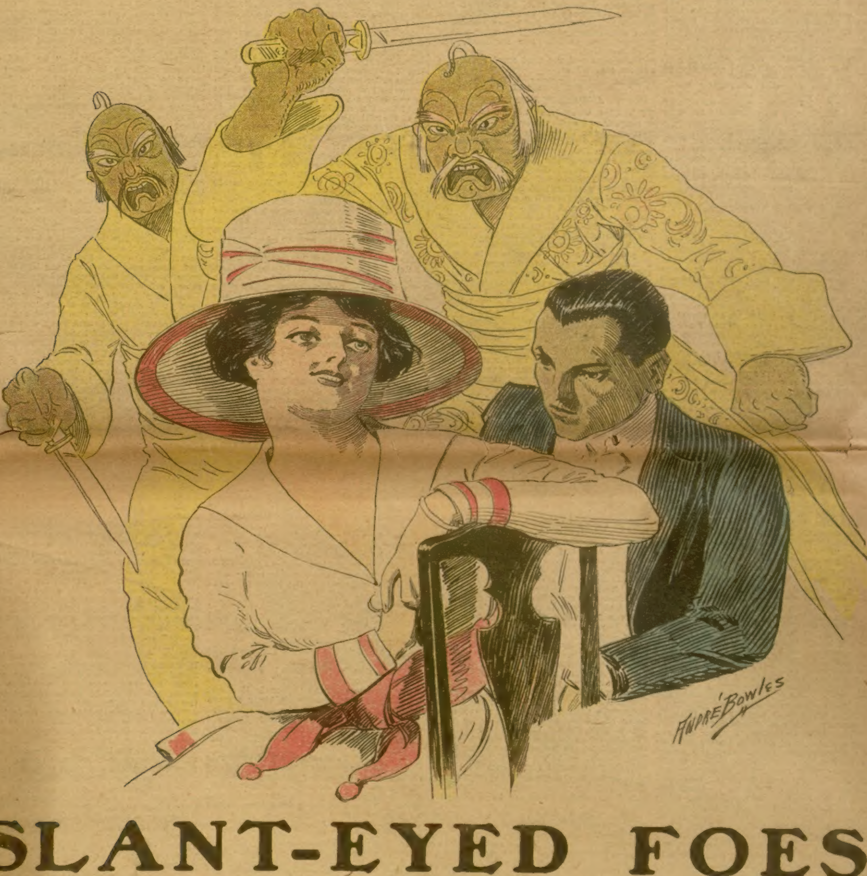

SLANT-EYED FOES

-:- Or, -:-

Yellow Peril Coils

By Augustin W. Breeden

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CHAPTER I.

YELLOW AGAINST WHITE.

KITZI KISHINUMA, a champion Japanese tennis player, and a candidate for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy at the coming convocation of the big Sacramento University, played tennis with Patricia Folsom, as a cat plays with a half-dead mouse. He just kept her alive in the game by deucing the set and then giving her the advantage game every other time, till the sun went down over the mirroring waters of San Francisco Bay and the big June moon came up over the summit of Mt. Diablo. Then, under the witching light of the big California moon, he walked leisurely along with her across the broad and romantic campus of old Sacramento, the most cosmopolitan and unconventional university in the United States.

As they strolled across the campus, Kitzi, who had finally allowed Patricia to win the set, became very tender and demonstrative.

"Mitz Patreesia," he said, "I am going to tell you a little secret. You will be the first person in America to whom I have told it. You think of me as just a Japanese student in an American university; but me, I have already been in the French and German universities, Heidelberg and the Sorbonne. America is the greatest of all Western nations, that I can say; but that is not what I was starting to tell you of. Mitz Patreesia, you are to me the woman most glorious. What shall I say—the East is East and West is West, as your so-great Keepling puts it; but shall the East and West not meet and be friends? We Japanese attend at your universities. We are the friends of America. We accept the Christianity. I myself am the Christian. What I say is—your eyes are the so-beautiful eyes; your form is the form of an angel. You belong to be an empress. Now I shall tell you a leetle secret I have told to no one else in all the Western world. I am the son of the Emperor."

Patricia Folsom's daring black eyes showed all the astonishment she felt.

"Here is the proof." Kitzi drew an embossed and crested envelope from the pocket of his Norfolk coat, an envelope bearing neither stamp nor postmark, having evidently come in an outer cover, and from the envelope drew an embossed and crested sheet of rice paper and handed it with a bow to Patricia. The writing was the queerest handwriting Patricia had ever seen; but it was in English, and she stopped under an arc light to read it. It read as follows:

"My dear Son: You have made me proud of you since you went to Europe and America. I have learned thru the royal chamberlain, who is writing this letter for me in the English, that you have attained the Doctor's degree, their highest honor, and the Phi Beta Kappa, their so-honorable and so-learned society. I knew when you sailed from our midst that you would bring honor upon yourself and learn how best to serve your Imperial Father, and the so-glorious Nippon.

"I give you my blessing, my son. Think always first of Nippon and the Nipponese and of the meeting of the East and West."

Patricia Folsom turned quite pale as she read this letter. Only the day before, Kitzi Kishinuma had presented her with a book called "The Imperial Register of Nippon," and this book contained the seal of the Mikado and also his signature, together with much other intimate information about life in the palace. Thus, when the American girl looked at the Imperial seal and signature on this letter, she recognized it at once. This, also, had been carefully planned by the wily Kitzi, just as he had managed the tennis game to hold her till the moon rose. And the Mikado had addressed Kitzi as his son.

"Then you are—the Emperor's son?" she asked.

"I am the Mikado's son, and no other," replied Kitzi, with an enigmatic smile in his almond eyes.

"But why do you tell me this?"

The girl was breathless, panting with excitement. She remembered now that she had never in all her life before seen a young man with such perfect manners as this young Japanese. She felt she understood it now. And she had always been drawn to him, in spite of her brother's pronounced prejudice against his race.

"Why do you tell me all this?" she repeated.

"What else is there but love for you, Mitz Patreesia, that could cause me to tell only you in all the Western world? I hope some day to make you Empress of the Nipponese, and that is why I reveal this secret to you."

"But why must you keep your identity a secret?"

"Can a prince of the blood travel in foreign lands except incognito? I should be detained. There would be polite letters of protest. Mitz Patreesia, can I trust you? I love you—love you so well that I will risk the imperial displeasure by offering to make you my wife. Of course, you understand we cannot be married just at present, possibly not for several years. But I shall overcome my father's prejudice against your race; and some day you shall dwell in the land of cherry blosoms and chrysanthemums as the first lady in the land. What is your answer?"

The [illegible] golden moon was now riding high above Devil Mountain. The scent from a great commercial poppy field floated upon the balmy air. To be proposed to in marriage by a royal prince, that was more than Patricia Folsom had ever dreamed of, old as was her Virginia blood and proud and rich as the Folsoms had always been. She had always secretly admired this young Mongolian.

"Kitzi," she began, and then more shyly, "Prince Kitzi, I accept the love you so generously offer. I will keep your secrets and will wait your own time and your father's for our marriage. This honor is really too great to be thrust upon one so humble. Tell me what you will. I will keep your secrets inviolate."

"Then I will tell you, Mitz Patreesia, I have learned many things in the Western world. I have learned military secrets. I know the strength of many forts and arsenals in Europe. I know something about the big guns, the torpedoes, the biplanes, the Zeppelins of Germany and France and England. Of course in the United States I would not stoop to spy. Are we not sister nations—Nippon and the so-glorious America? The East and the West shall meet, but in friendly diplomacy and not bloody war.

"And, Mitz Patreesia, I know the secret diplomacy of Europe. Do I not know of a great empire over there that planned to isolate a glorious republic? Do I not know of a meeting in a lodge in the Black Forest, and Winston Churchill and Sir Edward Grey were present—and a Von-this and a Von-that, who shall be nameless? And do I not know of the incident of the Panther, which came so near causing a war? Listen, I am a so-clever actor.

"How do I know of the meeting in the Black Forest? I am the cook of a certain well-known baron of Europe. He fears to eat of the cookery of any of the European chefs; so he employs me. I teach him to know, by a certain discoloration of the silverware, if there is poison in the food. He is hated of the Socialeests, a party of Europe to which most of the chefs belong, wherefore he employs the son of the Mikado to prepare his meals. So I am present at the keyhole when a Central Empire undertakes to break the balance of European power and to isolate a so-glorious republic like your own from the round table of European diplomacy. But, Mitz Patreesia, I tell you all this only to show you I learn many things when I travel and sojourn in your Western world.'

"But we are now fiances. I will give you a little token. I understand you would expect a—what you call it? The engagement ring. But in this case I think a ring would be too conspicuous. Instead I will bestow on you a token of the imperial house of Nippon."

He took from his pocket a jewel case, and from it took a delicate chain with a tiny seed pearl soldered into every link, and on the chain was a carved gold dragon, with rubies for eyes, chip diamonds for teeth and pearls in his claws. It was the most wonderful piece of hand-carving Patricia had ever seen.

"Wear this dragon on your breast, Mitz Patreesia," purred the Jap. "It will protect you against all evils, and is the symbol of our coming imperial glory."

"Of our coming imperial glory," murmured the girl, as she allowed the deft fingers of the Jap to fix the clasp about her wonderful neck.

"A gift for a gift," she quoted, and taking a beautiful turquoise ring from the third finger of her right hand she slipped it upon the third finger of Kitzi's left hand.

Then, suddenly, in the shadow of an umbrageous pepper tree, he clasped her to him and kissed her passionately. And she, fighting down a feeling of revulsion that suddenly swamped her very being, allowed him to kiss her forehead, her eyes, her lips.

Thus occurred the first meeting of the yellow and white.

CHAPTER II.

A HORSEWHIPPING.

IT WAS a week later at the most cosmopolitan and unconventional university in the United States, at the June convocation, that Kitzi Kishinuma marched in line with the ordinary black cap and gown of the Master of Arts and donned the purple-hooded robe of the Doctor of Philosophy. And on that occasion the president of the most unconventional of universities so far departed from routine and tradition in granting Kitzi his diploma as to make a little talk on the cordial relations existing between Japan and the United States.

"Upon you, Doctor Kishinuma," he said, "I place this mantle of scholastic honor. Hundreds of your countrymen are receiving various learned degrees at our different colleges and universities, and are embracing Christianity. It is the true meeting of the East and the West, of the Orient and the Occident." And the great educator suddenly plunged in and recited two stanzas of Kipling's famous poem:

" 'Oh, East is East, and West is West,
  And never the twain shall meet,
Till earth and sky stand presently
  At God's great judgment seat.

" 'But there is neither East nor West,
  Border, nor breed, nor birth,
When two strong men stand face to face,
  Tho' they come from the ends of the
    earth.'

"And so, Dr. Kitzi Kishi[illegible] I greet you on the threshold of your great career, and at the same time welcome you as a brother of the Phi Beta Kappa."

The poor old president, full of dust and dotage, thought he was making an epoch-making speech and sealing at one flourish the bond of friendship between Japan and the United States.

Miss Patricia Folsom was waiting in line for her bachelor's degree at the same time. She heard the epoch-making speech, and felt proud indeed of her Mongolian fiance and very humble over her own achievements and antecedents. Her father and mother motored down from Greenfields, their big wheat and alfalfa ranch up in the San Joaquin Valley, and they, too, were more or less impressed by the powwow being made over the young Japanese, especially as their daughter had introduced them to him in the transept that morning before she and he donned their caps and gowns.

So when Patricia told them she had invited Kitzi to come up with them in the car and stay at Greenfields for the week-end, along with her half-Spanish friend Senorita Ynez Herara y Manrique, they were pleased that such a gay company of young people was to be with them. Still the old Colonel had his misgivings when he recalled that his son, Colonel Richard Folsom, would be home that week, and he remembered how Colonel Dick hated all Orientals.

"Aren't you a little afraid your brother Dick will blow the roof off about this Jap?" he asked Patricia, in a lowered tone.

"Dick will have eyes for no one but Ynez," replied Patricia, with a toss of her pretty chestnut head. "Did you know that she and Dicky nearly got up a case last winter when he was down at the university at Christmas time?"

Mrs. Folsom overheard her daughter and turned and looked at Senorita Ynez where she stood arrayed in costly attire. She thought she had never seen a person of purer beauty—eyes that were dark and at the same time liquid and dreamy, hair that was like a tropic midnight for blackness, a form that surpassed any form she had ever seen for grace and sinuousity and beauty. She seemed never to be entirely at rest, but always in a sort of easy, swaying motion. She reminded one of a puma, this Ynez Herara did—rather, she was like a beautiful, satin-skinned, well-fed leopard.

The three young people rode in the spacious back seat on the long return trip that afternoon, and like the Walrus and Carpenter, talked of many things. They arrived at Greenfields at a late supper hour.

As Colonel and Mrs. Folsom repaired to their room for a moment to get rid of some of the dust and freshen themselves up for the excellent supper they were sure Mrs. Davenport, the housekeeper, would have waiting for them, the Colonel said:

"Mr. Kitzikishi is a great man, no doubt, with his Phi Beta Kappas and his Ph.D.'s, but he's just a plain 'Slob-magollian,' after all. It's a good thing Mrs. Davenport had me let all those Japanese house-boys and stable boys go, or some of us might have mistaken him for one of them and given him an order. As it is, I'm afraid if Colonel Dick is here there'll be an awkward wrong-country, as the Frenchies say, when these two meet."

"Hush, father!" warned the good-natured Mrs. Folsom. "You know Dicky will act the gentleman, no matter who's here. I wonder if he has come?"

"Yes, came down from the Dam in his biplane; windy afternoon, too."

Colonel Dick Folsom was a man of affairs, at 35 years of age a builder of big Western irrigation dams, a colonel of a regiment of California volunteers, mostly men employed on the big project that he had worked on for the past four years and was now bringing to completion. Dick was built like an Indian. He was all bone and muscle and brain. He was as brown as a Jap, with brown hair like his sister's, crisped at the temples by the desert sunshine, eyes that were clear and sincere—no one could have told their precise color, because they looked so straight at one that no one could have coolly observed their color. The jaw was—what shall I say?—American—the jaw of an American man of affairs.

At supper Dick greeted his family for the first time. He kissed his mother and sister and shook hands with the rest. He was the last to enter the dining-room, and as he entered his sister looked at him and thought:

"What a superb pair he and Ynez Herara would make. I wish he were not so prejudiced against foreigners.

Ynez looked at him and thought:

"I wonder what will be his ultimate attainment. He will become a millionaire; that's easy in America. Perhaps he will one day be President. I must win him for my husband if I can; and I must engage him to open up the Veta Madre mine on the Herara property at Guana Junto. I may yet be the wife of one President and the sister of another."

Kitzi looked at him and thought:

"Another of those cocky Americans who do things in an engineering way and think themselves the lords of creation. He belongs with such Europeans as Krupp and Zeppelin and Marconi. They can discover secrets, but they cannot keep them. What a beautiful tool he would make for Rafael Herara in opening up the Veta Madre!"

Colonel Dick glanced at them all and thought:

"Patsy, the little darling! I wish she had not grown up so quickly.

"Ynez, magnificent! What is it about Castilian blood that makes their women such glorious creatures?

"A Jap! Well, I like that! Infernal 'Slob-magollian!' I'll have to speak to Patsy and tell her to draw the line a little closer."

He greeted them all in an appropriate and well-bred manner, but his blood was on fire with hatred for the Jap, who presumed to be all attention to his sister, and with a sort of strange awakening toward Ynez Herara y Manrique which he was unwilling to give a name to.

"And so, Sis Patsy, you have your sheepskin at last," he bantered. "I presume you feel quite erudite."

The supper passed off, as suppers will, in light talk and jokes and banter, and presently the three couples went out upon the moonlit lawn, Mrs. Folsom on her husband's arm, Patricia with Kitzi, and the glorious Ynez walking sinuously by the side of the enchanted Colonel Dick.

Months and months of association with muckers and donkey engines, with cranes and trams and blueprints and landslides, with no recreation whatever except solitaire or stud poker, will make any red-blooded man sensitive to the charms of a beautiful woman; and when that woman is the supreme beauty of her race and class, it is a great wonder if the man is not enmeshed, trepanned, caught as the foolish fly was by the wily spider.

The big, stalwart, bronzed and practical engineer talked about his soul and his soul's longings to this daughter of a close-bred line of Castilian dons and donnas; and she was just clever enough to draw him on and on.

The moon rode high above the alfalfa flats, rode high above the far dark rim of mountains to the east, from whence came down a seductive, whispering breeze. Dick Folsom saw himself climbing ambition's ladders with this glorious woman at his side. What social position could she not do credit to!

"I'll quit building dams," he said to himself. "I'll go into politics and get to be Governor or something of the sort. I would like to do something to serve this wonderful creature. I wonder if it is true that she is a part owner in the mysterious Veta Madre gold and silver mine? If she is I could make her the richest woman in the world and a power in international politics. I'd like to make a killing in an anti-Japanese campaign; I'd do that with gusto."

The big American engineer got hold of both of Ynez's little white hands, hands that were like the petals of the magnolia blossom for softness and whiteness, and was about to tell her that she was the only girl between the oceans for him, when something—the cry of a night bird, or the flitting of a bat across his line of vision—gave him pause. Why should he throw himself at this woman's feet, when, after all, she made him think more of a tame and playful leopard than of any other creature?

Suddenly he let fall the lily-white hand, and asked Ynez if she were not getting chilly and if she would not like to go into the house; and Ynez, who knew that to make herself hard of attainment and to be very little in the other's presence was the best policy, said yes, she was chilly, sleepy, and weary, and would like to go in and go to her room.

But Colonel Dick had no sooner surrendered her for the night than he became the mad lover once more, worshiping the memory of her handclasp, while he mooned alone about the spacious grounds of Greenfields. In strolling aimlessly he presently brought up on the shore of a little artificial lake, the beauty spot of the grounds; and there before him were Kitzi and his sister. Colonel Dick had never seen two human beings in just the pose they were in. The girl, who was more than a head taller than the Jap, was leaning forward to kiss him. The pose was very much as if she were the lover and he the lady. And she was kissing him, as a high-souled young woman kisses only one man during her young lifetime. She might so kiss a son in later years, hardly a second lover.

Dick Folsom saw red. One thought flashed into his brain—to kill that Jap for the profanation of daring to make love to his sister. With a roar like an angry lion he leaped forward. He snatched Kitzi from the ground and swung him literally above his head. Patricia screamed, and the father and mother came running from the veranda above.

Then Colonel Dick reflected rapidly. It would be too bad to kill the man his sister loved and that before her very eyes. He had intended to break his neck; but instead he slammed him upon the ground disgustedly.

"You low-lived Japanese cook!" he snarled. "You yellow, cat-eyed cur of a Mongolian! How dare you make love to my sister?

"Patricia, go into the house and stay there," he ordered. "Hey, Blevins, come here and bring me a good horsewhip!"

Kitzi had got into a sitting posture. He was glaring at Colonel Dick, his face deformed with hatred. Patricia refused to do her brother's bidding, but stood dry-eyed and tragic, looking upon her lover's downfall.

Colonel Folsom, who understood perfectly the cause of his son's sudden rage, was now on the scene with his wife close behind him.

"Hurry up, Blevins, and bring me a whip," reiterated Colonel Dick.

"No, Dick," said the father, in a voice that was admirably controlled, "you shall not horsewhip Mr. Kishinuma. Mr. Kishinuma, our auto will be waiting to take you down to Folsom Station. There is a train that stops there on a flag at midnight. You had better go to your room and pack your traveling bag. You will understand, Mr. Kishinuma, that you are of a different race, and could never marry my daughter. You must have deceived her in some way to make her care for you."

"If he goes, I will go with him!" The girl leaped forward with eyes flashing.

"Patricia, go into the house with your mother."

The girl turned and started toward the house at her father's bidding, holding to her mother's arm for support. But they both suddenly paused and turned. Kitzi was speaking:

"Colonel Folsom, I shall make you and your proud son come to me and beg me on your knees to marry the daughter of

BE SURE and read "SLANT-EYED FOES; or, IN YELLOW COILS," in this issue. It is a great story of Japanese intrigue and perils that overshadow the United States. Look out for a tragic and thrilling sea story next week, entitled, "HIS PIRATE CREW; or, LAW IN THE CABIN." Also, a new and highly interesting story for boys begins next week, entitled, "THE CASTAWAY BOYS; or, LOST ON A RAFT." Stick to the Ledger, a lot of great stories are coming.

this house, beg me on your knees—you understand?"

"Blevins, come on with that horsewhip!" This time it was the father and not the son that called.

"Coming, sir, coming," answered Blevins out of the darkness.

The Colonel once more spoke to his daughter: "Patricia, go into the house with your mother."

"But, daddy, you don't understand!"

"Hush, daught!" replied the older man, but not unkindly. "Hush! A Folsom doesn't have to be told when one of his women-folk is insulted. Go on into the house."

Blevins had arrived with the whip. In a flash Kitzi drew a small automatic from his pocket; but like a panther Colonel Dick was upon him, and the pistol exploded harmlessly and the next instant was sent spinning into the lake by the impact of Colonel Dick's big fist.

As she stood shivering in the hallway with her mother, Patricia heard a sound as of a strong janitor beating a very dusty carpet. She heard a cry, or two, that indicated more of rage than of pain, and then a sudden silence.

"Father in Heaven," she thought, "they've killed him! They've killed a prince of imperial blood."

Blevins and both the Folsoms admitted afterward the Jap was game, and that, apparently at the thought that the women at the house might hear, he had gone silent and taken his beating as stoically as any Spartan youth. When he left the grounds he was barely able to walk; but he refused the assistance of any one at the ranch, and staggered away to Folsom Station, a pitiful figure enough. Even the old Colonel's heart was touched, altho he put the most sinister meaning upon the Jap's threat that he would bring him to his knees.

At midnight the Colonel said to his wife, in a shaky voice:

"Mother, I hate to speak of this; but do you think his threat could have meant what Dick and I at first thought it meant?"

"No!" The mother was indignant at the very suggestion that her child could have done any wrong. "No, father, it was just a vain and foolish threat. He was angry, and he wanted to boast. Oh, why did we ever let our little girl go to that silly university? Now our happiness is destroyed forever; she will never be the same to either of us after tonight."

At midnight Patricia Folsom sat dry-eyed and tragic-faced in her little room. Her whole world was turned topsy-turvy. What if, after all, Kitzi had deceived her? What if he were not, after all, the son of an emperor? But that seal and signature could not lie. Her brutal father and brother had horsewhipped an emperor's son. Often and often a lesser thing than this had plunged two nations into a bloody war!

At midnight Kitzi Kishinuma, a forlorn figure, bedraggled, black and blue, and breathing vengeance against all white men, waited for the train at Folsom Siding.

"Wait till our plans are matured!" he muttered, as he shook his fist toward the big ranch-house. "We will have 'their United States at our feet within three months from the day we fire our first gun. Then I shall carry out my threat and make those two purse-proud Yankees crawl forward on their knees and beg me to marry Mitz Patreesia!"

CHAPTER III.

THE JAPANESE JUNTA.

THE next afternoon a San Francisco newspaper had a news story with the following headlines:

"DR. KISHINUMA ATTACKED BY BANDITS.

"Three Highwaymen Attack the Well-known Japanese Scholar at Folsom Siding, When He Is Returning from a House Party at Greenfield's Ranch."

A few nights later, in a certain very respectable-looking house in one of the best residential districts of San Francisco, while waiting for the crowd to gather to attend the Japanese junta, a young Jap asked Kitzi to tell him and his fellows about his experience at Folsom Siding.

"There isn't much to tell," replied Kitzi. "I was alone at the siding waiting for the midnight train, when I was attacked by a great devil of a man who gathered me in his hands and threw me above his head and onto the ground. Then another came running onto the scene, and presently still another; and all three attacked me. I fought them as best I might, but they beat me almost senseless and robbed me of my watch and money. Fortunately, I had a return ticket, and they didn't get that; and so I came safely back to San Francisco."

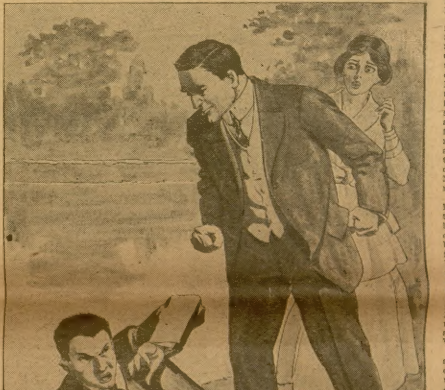
"Now, that was all very strange," whispered little Usa Usai to another of his fellow countrymen. "You see, I used to work for Colonel Folsom as a house boy. The Colonel would never let a guest of his go alone to the train or remain alone while waiting for it. Then, again, how could Kitzi have a return ticket over the railroad when he went up to Greenfields in the Colonel's big automobile?"

But there was now no further opportunity for conversation, as the more august members had begun to arrive.

The junta that gathered round that big mahogany table that night, could Uncle Sam have been present with an interpreter and heard their discussion, would certainly have made him start a preparedness program bigger and more comprehensive than was ever dreamed of, even in a campaign promise. Twenty-eight men were gathered in the room. Two Japs guarded each of the street entrances, and four more guarded the street approaches. To give the whole thing the appearance of a gambling joint, cards, money and poker chips were kept scattered in confusion about the big table. Japanese was spoken exclusively, and no other nationality was ever allowed inside the room.

The dominant figure of the junta was a white-haired, white-whiskered old Japanese of venerable appearance, one Prince Cutahama, a man with the forehead of a philosopher and a dreamer, and with the face of an empire-builder. One would not have been sure at first that he was a Japanese, but would have said: "What a fine-looking old gentleman!" This Prince Cutahama was first to speak after the junta was called to order.

There was one Japanese present recently arrived from Seattle, another just from Montreal, three who were reporting from the Villa headquarters in Mexico, two from London, two from the Wilhelmstrasse. The junta was gathered from the ends of the earth; it met with its full complement of heads and delegates this way only twice annually.



"You low-lived Japanese cook!"

"Let me review," said Cutahama, "the ideals of this junta. Familiar as they are to most of you, I will review them in a few words. Nippon must have a locus standi, or standing-place, in the round table of Western diplomacy. We must have a voice in the councils of nations; and how are we to have a voice unless we make ourselves felt? You know my dream, gentlemen, and my battle cry: 'Nippon must be the Great Britain of the Pacific.' We must extend our commerce and our influence to every nation that borders on that great ocean. The chief nation that stands in our way is the proud but inefficient United States of America. She has maintained by a mere bluff her so-called 'open door' policy in China. One of her petty provinces, namely, the State of California, has trailed our national honor in the dust by her treatment of our immigrants. We shall wipe out this insult with Yankee blood.

"Mexico has a just quarrel with the Gringo of the North. We shall join forces with her. In the late forties the United States wrested from Mexico, in a war of conquest, the present States of Arizona, New Mexico and California, and much other territory. Besides, Texas was literally stolen from Mexico by Yankee chicanery. Now we will champion the cause of Mexico, and she will demand this territory back. We will capture and hold all this territory from the south Oregon line to the Sabine River, and administer it under a joint directorship of Japan and Mexico. It will form a pale or buffer nation between the Anglo-American of the North and the Latin-American of the South.

"When we have established this pale, and the Latin-Americans have established their doctrine of 'Latin-America for Latin-Americans,' we shall conquer all that territory for trade from the Rio Grande to the land of the Southern Cross; and we will fortify our northern boundary till no amount of Yankee ingenuity can ever invade it.

"I am now ready to hear reports from our emissaries in the order of their rank."

A Japanese of perhaps forty years of age arose to speak:

"I speak for the committee that conferred with his excellency, General Francisco Villa. He looks with favor upon your proposition to establish buffer territory between the United States and Mexico, but insists that this region shall be regarded as territory of Mexico, and he insists also, that Mexico be allowed to furnish half the enlisted men in the standing army of this pale and a majority of officers, both commissioned and noncommissioned. On the other hand, he will offer as candidate for President of Mexico a young man named Herara Manrique; and this young man, together with his sister, is the owner of the famous Veta Madre silver and gold mine at Ciudad Guana Juato. This mine is the silverado of the world, the richest lode of silver and gold ever discovered. It is now flooded with water, but with a little Yankee engineering it will produce wealth enough to pay all the troops that fight for Mexico in the war with the States; will indeed produce so much silver and gold as to lower their value in the money markets of the world by half."

"Mr. Kitzi," asked Prince Cutahama, as soon as the other speaker was seated, "I believe you know something of this Veta Madre mine and of its owners."

"I do, your most gracious highness. I am well acquainted with Mitz Ynez Herara y Manrique. I also know that what Mitzi Okazaki here says about the richness of the Veta Madre is true. Mitz Herara has undertaken to find an American engineer who will free the mine of water and put it on a paying basis before the first of January, 1916."

"Mr. Yagadi," then asked the Prince, "you have just returned from Washington. Is there much prospect of a break between the United States and the German Empire?"

"There seems to be a strong prospect of a breaking off of diplomatic relations, but nothing in the nature of war, as Germany cannot fight the States now, due to the fact that she has her hands full in Europe; also, the sentiment in the States is almost solidly against war. Mr. Bryan's resignation from the Cabinet is significant. He believes in peace at any price, and he has just now a large following."

"Meanwhile M. DuPont is selling practically his entire output of munitions to the Entente Allies; is that true?"

"Not only that, but he and practically all other munitions manufacturers have contracted to sell arms for the next three years to come."

"Very well," said Prince Cutahama, "now for a roll call of our clans and a word as to their military strength. If we are to have a war with the United States and bring her to her knees, we had better undertake it while the great war is going forward, and especially while she and Germany are at an impasse. Mr. Kitzi, what have you to report?"

"In approximate thousands we have in the San Francisco Gens, mostly in the State of California and other Western States, not including Washington and Oregon, eighty thousand; Seattle Gens, twenty-five thousand; Vancouver Gens, one hundred thousand, scattered over British Columbia; Honolulu Gens, ninety thousand in the Hawaiian Islands; Mexican Gens, one hundred and fifty thousand; Panama Gens, scattered over Panama and other Central American States, fifty thousand. These various clans can muster eighty per cent of their strength as a military organization. That means that Japan can muster about four hundred thousand troops in Central and North America out of the half million male members of our clans."

"Very well, Mr. Kitzi and gentlemen. I can say now that I hoped to see all these men armed and ready for action by the first of next April. I trust that events in Mexico will have reached the breaking point with the States long before that, and that General Villa and Mr. Herara will have their armies of invasion in readiness. The European War has at least two years yet to run by all ordinary methods of calculation, so we need expect no interference from that quarter. You, Mr. Kitzi, will instruct Miss Herara to get her engineer to open up the Veta Madre as soon as possible, and get word to his excellency General Villa to get his organization ready."

In the gray dawn Kitzi left the junta and walked along the deserted streets of San Francisco. From time to time he turned and shook his fist in the general direction of Greenfields and Folsom Siding.

"I'll make you crawl on your knees to me and beg me to marry her!" he apostrophized the absent Colonel Folsom and Colonel Dick. "And Colonel Dick Folsom, you shall be the tool in the hands of Ynez Herara that shall open up the mine that shall produce the wealth to send all northern Mexico against your boasted United States!"

But Doctor Kitzi hastened home in order to get all the sleep he could, for he was due that afternoon to make a Y. M. C. A. talk on "The Peaceful and Friendly Relations Existing Between Japan and the United States."

This strange story leads to very extraordinary situations and dramatic episodes. The reader will find it eminently worth reading to the end. Next week's Ledger will contain further chapters of it. The surest way to get the Ledger is to subscribe for it, and have it come to your home regularly. Today is a good time to attend to this.

* * *

TOMORROW'S GUERDON.

Whatever stinging brambles have beset
The day's hot lane, to wound our weary feet,
Here, at Night's river, let our souls forget—
The Bridge of Sleep is still, and dim, and sweet.

And at its farther end the clear-eyed Morn
Waits, with her silver rod, to point the way
Where Hope's rose-hearted blossoms, newly born.
Replace the withered flowers of today.

* * *

Had Gone Down.

A very heated and thirsty-looking Irishman entered a London pub the other day, jingling some coppers in his hand.

"Give us a pint of beer, if ye please, miss," he said to the barmaid. The drink was put before him, and he quickly grasped it and put it to his head, at the same time throwing half the price of the beer on the counter.

"What's this for?" gasped the barmaid, surveying the coppers. "Don't you know that beer has gone up?"

"It's just after being lowered," replied Pat, laying down the empty measure on the counter and turning on his heel. "Ye seen it goin' down just now, miss."

In Bloody Mary's Days

-:- Or, -:-

The Nottingham Maid

By T. C. Harbaugh

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CHAPTER VIII.

QUEEN MARY was in the royal boudoir when a messenger from Lord Stirling informed her of the startling events which had taken place at Stirling Court. Her anger was at once aroused, for she was Good King Hal's daughter and had his strong will and bloodthirsty passions. She listened to the story with compressed lips and flashing eyes.

"The woman to Tower Hill at once!" she exclaimed, clinching her jeweled fists, "and the man, her accomplice—you say she had a companion?"

"Yes, your majesty," answered Lord Stirling's servitor.

"He escaped?"

"When he threw the woman into the arms of Khulah, the Bengalese, such was the excitement that, when they came to look for him, he was gone."

"But he is somewhere in London!" cried Mary. "This man who was in the act of driving his rapier into my lord's breast has eluded us, but only for the time being. I will set every human wolf-dog in London upon his heels! There shall not be a nook nor a cranny overlooked. I will reward Khulah for his opportune appearance. Go! The escaped bravo shall be taken at once!"

Immediately the Queen ordered her chaise and was driven in great speed to Stirling Court, where she was closeted with the noble paralytic.

"Lord Stafford's wench, is she?" she almost thundered, leaning toward the man in the velvet chair.

Lord Stirling nodded.

"It is Tower Hill for her tomorrow! Perchance she will confess to the name of her accomplice."

Lord Stirling wrote on a tablet and handed it to the [illegible] "I doubt if she [illegible] majesty."

"I will rack her into [illegible] speech," was the reply. "I am King Henry's daughter, and I will have the name of the murderous villain."

A faint smile stole over Lord Stirling's ashen face.

"Whither have they taken Stafford's daughter?" the Queen suddenly asked.

"She is now in Penton Goal," was the written reply.

The Queen hastened away and soon drew up in front of the dingy prison with its great iron doors and brazen locks. The portals swung back at her command and she was soon in the presence of Jeanne Stafford, over whose face leaped an expression of rage.

The earl's daughter could hardly keep from springing, tigress-like, at the Queen, who was attended by an armed retainer who moved close to her at sight of the white-faced creature in one corner of the room.

Mary drew herself together and for a few seconds eyed Jeanne in silence.

"Tell me, wench," she burst forth, "tell me whom you took to Stirling Court on murder bent!"

The lips before her seemed to lose color, and the white hands of the prisoner opened and closed spasmodically.

"Will you not answer your Queen?"

"I own no queen," the lips suddenly parted to say. "I do not call my father's murderess my queen."

Mary seemed to gasp for very rage.

"But you took him hither to deal the blow?" she cried.

"Verily I did."

"'Tis said that you are strangely gifted," continued Mary. "It is asserted that you are possessed of some occult power that makes people do your will whether they would or no."

"I have never boasted of such power," came the low response.

"But you have it, obtained from the Evil One, no doubt. Listen, Jeanne Stafford. It is confession or Tower Hill."

The earl's daughter seemed at that moment to increase a full inch in stature.

"Then let it be Tower Hill!" came slowly but with emphasis from her lips.

"You will not confess?"

"Not to you, murderess! My God is my sole confessor."

The voice died away, leaving the place strangely silent. Queen Mary fell back and looked at her retainer.

"It is enough," she said, shutting her thin lips hard. "I want no more."

Jeanne was alone in her cell, her face white still, and disappointment in her lustrous eyes. She knew the Queen. She knew that in a few hours she would be but a headless thing on Tower Hill.

Thus it was that when the new day came Gilbert Montjoy from his little room in the inn beheld the death procession march across the square below with the woman under the shining pikes.

He did not quit his abode until night had again thrown her sable curtain over the city. Captain Blunderblade had not come back. That worthy had gone elsewhere, but Gilbert knew that they were now enemies and that he had stepped into new danger.

When under cover of darkness he left the inn, he bent his footsteps toward another part of London, where stood one of the smaller and quieter alehouses which Captain Blunderblade usually avoided. The little room with its rush-strewn floor was almost empty, for the hour was early and the usual frequenters of the place had not yet arrived.

If Queen Mary had set the watch-dogs of London upon his heels, they would not be likely to seek him there at that hour. He wanted a place where he could pull himself together and inwardly discuss the situation.

With his mug of ale before him on the little table, he was cogitating, when the door of the establishment opened, and Gilbert saw a man in darkish garments in the doorway.

The sharp gray eyes of this person searched the room with lightning rapidity. For a moment those piercing orbs rested on Gilbert, and immediately afterward the man withdrew. Montjoy was thrilled. He pushed his mug aside, paid his score and departed.

Once in the street he paused and looked around. Something was hanging from one of the cressets near by, and curiosity carried Montjoy to it.

It was a heavy placard in poor printing. The big letters stood out upon it as tho they had been carved on wood. The flaring light gave him all opportunity to burn the contents of the poster into his brain. The wolves of the Queen were after him. Her majesty had offered a reward of many pounds for the apprehension of Jeanne Stafford's companion, and the description which followed the amount of the reward was accurate. The toils were being woven around him.

Perchance the man with the gray eyes was one of his hunters; he had gone after his companions and——

Montjoy almost ceased to think. When he realized that he was plainly visible from all sides whilst he stood in the cresset's light, he hurriedly drew back and started off.

All the time his right hand rested on the hilt of the steel rapier, for it was now the only serviceable friend he had in all London, and it was something he resolved to cling to.

Fortunately the narrow street darkened as he moved on. He kept zealously to the shadows, but never forgot that he was a hunted man.

It was the heritage of steel that had lured him to London; his legacy had taken him from the vine-covered bower on the cliffs of Nottingham; his Queen wanted his head, and all London seemed to join in the demand.

All at once Montjoy halted and stepped toward a house, for voices farther on had sent his blood arrowlike thru every vein. He hugged the little area and waited.

"You've no right to hold me, varlets!" said a gruff voice which almost stilled Montjoy's heart. "I'm simply old Tyrus of Nottingham, and I came down to London to find my friend and master. I came with my master's sweetheart, Lucy, and we are good people who mean no harm——"

"Push the old rogue along!" interrupted a brutal voice. "The sweetheart business is all nonsense. He can tell his story to the magistrate."

Montjoy gasped. Tyrus and Lucy in London? The thought was enough to set him in a fever. The band was right before him now. He saw the outlines of Tyrus' burly figure, and the next second, like a tiger, he threw himself into the midst of the crowd.

CHAPTER IX.

LUCY LALLIRE in London! This information coming from the lips of old Tyrus, who had fallen into the clutches of a band of nighthawks, thrilled Gilbert to the core.

The beauty of Nottingham had come to London in search of the lover who had set out to find his legacy left in the hands of Captain Blunderblade; and having received it, he had tarried beyond the time of his promise, and a woman's heart could wait no longer.

It was enough to hurl Gilbert, sword in hand, into the midst of the band who held Tyrus. He fell among the ruffians like a thunderbolt, and after several good thrusts with the rapier the fellows loosened their hold on Tyrus and took to their heels.

"Master Gilbert!" exclaimed the old man, as he recognized his rescuer, "by my soul! You saved me in the nick o' time, for I had fallen among thieves."

"To be sure you had," answered Gilbert, with a smile. "A pretty deed it was to bring the girl to London——"

"But she would come," was the interruption. "She gave me no rest by day or night. We arrived but yesterday, and ever since I have been looking for you."

"And Lucy?"

"Oh, she is safely housed with a Mistress Foley who lives in Regent street."

"A friend of Lucy's, no doubt?"

"I can't say that she is. But we saw her sign: 'Lodgings to Let,' and as it seemed like a haven of safety, we took them and the girl is there. Mistress Foley talks about one thing all the time, and that is the missing Lady Selkirk who was kidnaped from her garden, and how they found her slipper at the garden wall."

"I know of that," said Montjoy, who was thinking only of his country sweetheart. "I have other fish to fry than to be looking for the lost Countess."

"Eh?"

"Let us go to Regent street at once and see what sort of a nest Lucy is in."

"It's a big reward they offer for the lost woman," replied Tyrus. "I say, if we could only find her we would have money enough to keep us like princes the rest of our days."

Gilbert bit his lips over the old man's eagerness for riches.

"Where did the rascals fall upon you?" he suddenly asked.

"Just after I had come out of a bakery in Hollow Lane. I had gone in for a few buns, and as I was eating one I was seized as a common malefactor and dragged away."

"You were not armed, then?"

"I had a sword, yes, the one I used when I used to teach you swordsmanship on the old manor, but it was in their hands before I could wink. That was the end of the first chapter. What strong, husky fellows they were!"

"Wolves in human garb," grated Gilbert. "But now for Regent street. You know the way thither?"

"I've been to London before," answered Tyrus. "I know its tangle fairly well."

Placing himself at the old man's side, Gilbert bade him lead on, and they were soon traversing a part of London which was not of the best.

"How much was the legacy?" abruptly asked Tyrus, turning to his friend.

Gilbert tapped the hilt of his blade. The old man's gaze became a stare.

"Saints in heaven! was that all?" he exclaimed. "Nothing but a little thing like that?"

"It was all my father left me," smiled Montjoy, "but it is a friend in need."

"It surely was when you came to my rescue," observed Tyrus, gratefully.

Regent street at the time of which we write was a crooked thorofare which wound its serpentine course thru a part of the city inhabited by a mixture of people from high to low. It was narrow and illy paved, with here and there a cresset to light the way.

The wind blew sharply against the faces of Gilbert and his friend, and when they turned into the street Tyrus put out his hand and touched Gilbert's arm.

"Just before the prowler caught me," said he, in low tones, "I had read a proclamation offered for a certain man who went with one Jeanne Stafford to Stirling House for the purpose of killing its master."

"Yes."

"Now, wouldn't I like to catch that fellow?" cried the old man. "It seems London is the place to feather one's nest if he has good scent and minds his p's and q's; I think I shall go after that reward later on."

"And you would turn that man over to the headsman if you found him?"

"To be sure I would, Master Gilbert. It would be just like finding a gold mine."

Gilbert could not suppress the little chuckle that rose to his lips. He looked at the old man, knowing that he was faithful, and let the smile on his face die slowly away.

"Can you keep a secret, Tyrus?" he asked.

"You know I can, for you've tried me before now," was the retort.

"Well, then, take me to the jail. I'm the man."

Old Tyrus uttered a startling exclamation and recoiled.

"You're just trying me now," said he. "What, you the man who went to Stirling Court with Jeanne Stafford? Impossible!"

"I am the man, I say," answered Gilbert, with emphasis. "Here I am, Tyrus. The gold mine lies open at your feet. The Queen's bloodhounds are looking for me at this moment, and at almost any time I am liable to fall into their hands."

"Then I don't want the gold mine!" almost shouted Tyrus. "I wouldn't betray you for Mary Tudor's crown. What became of Jeanne Stafford?"

"Ask the Queen's headsman."

"Heaven protect me! Did they take the girl's head?"

"They did nothing else, Tyrus, and now they are looking for mine."

Tyrus lapsed into a strange silence. Gilbert, watching him narrowly, saw his lips twitch and his hands clinch.

"I'll get a new sword yet this night, and woe to the devils who lay hands on you, Master Gilbert!" he suddenly cried.

A few steps farther on and Tyrus came to a sudden halt.

"Here we are at Mistress Foley's," said he, looking up at a house whose roof ex-

INVOCATION

O Thou whose equal purpose runs
In drops of rain or streams of suns,
And with a soft compulsion roll
The green earth on her snowy poles;
O Thou who keepest in Thy ken
The times of flowers, the dooms of men,
Stretch out a mighty wing above—
Be tender to the land we love.

If all the huddlers from the storm
Have found her hearthstone wide and warm;
If she has made men free and glad,
Sharing with all the good she had;
If she has blown the very dust
From her bright balance to be just,
Oh, spread a mighty wing above—
Be tender to the land we love.

When in the dark, eternal tower
The star clock strikes her trial hour,
And for her help no more avail
Her sea-blue shield, her mountain mail,
But sweeping wide from gulf to lakes
The battle on her forehead breaks,
Throw thou a thunderous wing above—
Be tender to this land we love.

—WENDALL PHILLIPS STAFFORD.

tended halfway over the pavement. "This is where Lucy is nesting."

There was a streak of light beyond the curtain of the window, but beyond this there was no sign that the domicile was inhabited. A moment later Gilbert's knuckles struck the door gently and it was cautiously opened. The woman's face, which was visible in the candlelight, brought a little cry from Tyrus.

"I've found him," exclaimed the old fellow. "But, pardon me, I think I ought to say that he found me first."

The door was opened wider, and Gilbert and his companion stepped into the little front room. Mistress Foley, her eyes astare, recoiled and fixed her gaze upon Gilbert.

"Is this Master Montjoy?" she asked, her face changing color.

"It's my old master," said Tyrus, with a gesture. "Call the girl in."

"The girl is not here," was the reply which sent Gilbert back a foot. "She has been gone these three hours, and——"

"Gone?" broke in Tyrus, clutching the woman's arm till she gasped with pain. "She was not to leave the house till I came back. She promised——"

"I know. I know," interrupted the woman. "But when a chaise comes for a young lady and she is invited to take a ride, you know she seldom refuses."

"A—chaise—for—Lucy?" gasped Gilbert.

"Bless you, yes! At first she didn't care to go, but when the man had addressed her privately she donned her hood and went along."

Something seemed to glue Montjoy to the floor.

"And pray, woman, tell me who came for her?" he thundered into Mistress Foley's ears, while his fingers curled vengefully around the rapier's hilt.

"Before Heaven I know not, nor how he knew she was in my house," was the stammering reply. "She is gone, sir. Kidnaped like Lady Selkirk, mayhap."

Gilbert could not speak. Here was a new mystery. Lucy had disappeared in the heart of London. The rapier nearly fell from his hand.

CHAPTER X.

IT WAS some moments before Gilbert could pull himself together and realize what had happened. Finally Tyrus broke the silence.

"What was the fellow like who came and carried Mistress Lucy off?" he asked.

The question roused Gilbert, and he turned again to the woman, who might have expected such an inquiry.

[illegible] very much of him," was the reply. "He was youngish-like, a rakish but handsome fellow. The girl seemed to know him and——"

"Seemed to know him?" interrupted Gilbert, a singlar thought taking possession of his mind. "Was he tall?"

"About your height, sir."

Montjoy threw a look at his companion.

"He wore a brownish suit, slashed after the manner of dandies, and there was a sword peeping out from beneath his robe," the woman added.

"Come!" said Gilbert, pulling at Tyrus' sleeve. "There is nothing more for us here."

"But what shall I say if she comes back?" asked Mistress Foley.

"She is not likely to return soon," Gilbert answered, with a strange look. "She has fallen into the hands of a rascal whom I know."

Old Tyrus nodded. "He left Nottingham three years ago," said he, glancing at Gilbert. "I saw him in Cheapside, the last time I was in London, with a rakish set of brawlers. Your old rival, master."

The pair were out of the house now and standing close together, Gilbert in deep thought as now and then his color changed.

"There are two mysteries now, the mystery of Lady Selkirk and that of Lucy. We care not for the first. It is the second we must look to."

"And at the same time you must keep away from the Queen's bloodhounds."

"All of which is true, good Tyrus," smiled Gilbert, grimly. "Tell me." He laid his hand on his friend's wrist and looked him in the eye. "There's no telling into what dangers our hunt will lead us. My sweetheart must be found ere Rupert Searoll plays out his desperate game. What he could not get by fair means he has taken by foul.

Gilbert's teeth seemed to snap behind the last words.

"Rupert Searoll, that's the man!" cried Tyrus. "Strange, is it not, that Lucy, who once refused his offers of love, should go willingly with him?"

"Don't accuse her of anything," returned Gilbert. "She went with the man, and that is enough for us to know."

They were many squares from the house in Regent street a short time afterward. The fog of London was on their faces and their garments were damp.

"Help! Help!"

The cry in the fog stopped the two men instantly. It came again as startling as before.

"It is across the street!" cried Tyrus. "Some one is in trouble. Mayhap 'tis the girl."

With drawn swords the twain plunged headlong into the fog and raced across the thorofare. They struck the pave together and came to a sudden stop.

"It must have come from hereabouts," said the voice of Tyrus, who was hardly distinguishable for the heaviness of the fog.

"Let us wait."

In another moment the squeak of a door was heard and the figure of a man was seen on the pavement. Gilbert with difficulty held Tyrus back.

"The cry came from the house from which the fellow came," he heard the old man say.

Already the night and the fog had swallowed up the stranger, and the friends went forward. The door was not locked and therefore was easily opened. A dark hallway received them and they stood in the gloom with every sense on the alert.

"Where are we?" whispered Gilbert.

"We must be somewhere in Princess square."

"A good part of London, eh?"

"It's where the rich rascals live," answered Tyrus. "You can feel the statues in the hall about us. We are in some dwelling owned by a noble."

"But no light anywhere."

"Wait," exclaimed Tyrus. "Here's a stairway. I sometimes turn my hands into eyes. There's a marble balustrade. You can feel for yourself."

"You are right," responded Gilbert. "Mayhap we are in the wrong house."

At this moment there appeared overhead at the top of the stair a glimmer of light. Montjoy dragged his companion into the shadow, where they both huddled with drawn rapiers. The light grew broader, until it seemed to illuminate the entire staircase. Then came footsteps on the carpet and the light came downward.

A woman with a lamp appeared to the two watchers, a woman who was beautiful, with the whitest of faces and the daintiest of hands. She was young and full-featured, with her hair done up after the manner of the day, while the hand that carried the light was bejeweled, as Gilbert and Tyrus could see. She stopped near the foot of the staircase, and a moment later advanced toward the door.

"I wonder if he locked it?" they heard her say. "No, he did not, the fool! What if some one heard the cry?"

She put out her hand and turned the brass key in the lock, after which she put it into her pocket.

"Now I'll go back and calm the bird," she said aloud. "When he comes back he'll find her in her senses, maybe. What fools there are in London, to be sure!"

A little laugh followed the last words.

"We're in the right nest," said Tyrus at Gilbert's ear. "The cry for help came from this house."

Up the steps went the woman, light in hand, and the gleams of the taper finally disappeared.

"Come, now. There will be some developments before we quit this place," Gilbert said, mounting the steps.

They were halfway up when they were startled by a series of sounds that drove their hearts into their throats.

"I will not stay!" cried a shrill voice. "I will not be lost forever to my father! They have no right to shut me up in this gilded den. I know its master. I know that he connives at everything the Queen does. Lord Talbot is the Queen's wolf. It was his band that abducted me. You are his vipress, woman! I know that I am the Queen's captive. She dare not keep me in any prison, so I am shut up in Lord Talbot's house in Princess square——"

"Silence!" broke in another voice. "It is better here than on Tower Hill."

"But I will not remain. I shall cry out again, and maybe some one will come to me."

"If you do I'll throttle you," was the answer. "Lord Talbot knows his business. He serves Queen Mary like a watchdog."

"That he does, and the more disgraceful is his service!"

Gilbert and Tyrus heard all this with their passions rising like a swollen river. The room from which the words had come was not far down the dimly lighted corridor, and this kept their hands at the rapiers' hilts.

"Help! Help! Will no one aid Eleanor Selkirk——"

The sentence was broken by a moan, and then silence came down over all.

"Quick!" cried Gilbert, racing forward. "We have found the kidnaped Countess——"

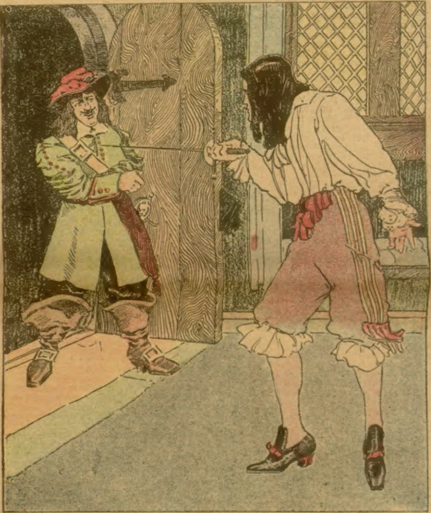
"And I'll be the richest man in Nottingham," exclaimed old Tyrus.

They reached a certain door simultaneously, and both threw themselves against it. The lock snapped under the impact of the two bodies, and the portal with an almost human sound fell inward. The friends leaped across it into a dark chamber.

"A light!" cried Gilbert.

Tyrus drew his tinder box and lighted a bit of tow. As the fitful flame shot into being he held it over his head and looked around.

There was a round table in the middle of the chamber, and in one corner a couch with silken drapery. But the room was empty, and Gilbert and Tyrus stood amazed as they stared about them, wondering what had become of Lady Selkirk and her companion. As the chamber had but one door, the mystery of the escape was as deep as the fathomless seas.



"He had the termerity to hold his weapon at my breast."

CHAPTER XI.

WHILE these scenes were being enacted in Lord Talbot's establishment in Princess square, in another part of London Captain Jack Blunderblade was closeted with a man who at any other time and under other circumstances would have had nothing to do with the common rascal.

Blunderblade's companion was a person of past fifty, with an evil eye which by no means enhanced his personal appearance. His face was rendered still more unhandsome by a red scar on the left cheek, the proof that a rapier had at one time cut a furrow deeper than the skin.

The appointments of the room on first sight looked elegant, but second observation would have pronounced them as tawdry, for fine-looking feathers do not necessarily indicate an immaculate bird.

There were mugs of ale on the round table at which the two worthies sat, and across the cloth, which was ale-stained, lay a sword of a somewhat clumsy pattern.

The stranger had waited till Jack had refilled his mug, when he leaned forward and said in a deep bass voice:

"Do you really tell me that you know of the man who accompanied Jeanne Stafford to Stirling Court?"

"To be sure I do," was the reply, as Captain Blunderblade's hoggish eyes glittered viciously. "Didn't he come down to London from Nottingham for the legacy which I held in trust for him?"

"Then we've got a clew!" cried the other, striking the table with his fist.

"That we have. This fellow is the one wanted by the Queen's proclamation. The description is accurate. It describes Gilbert Montjoy to a T."

"And pray where is he to be found?"

"If he hasn't taken flight he is to be flushed in Red Robin Inn."

"A place I happen to know."

"At any rate, I recently left him there, and he had the temerity to hold his weapon at my breast."—

"The hound!" cried Jack's companion, as he took out his watch and glanced at the dial. "Why not make a raid on the place at once?"

"I see nothing to prevent," answered Blunderblade. "We must be cautious about it, for the young fellow is quick with a rapier, and one does not care to make the acquaintance of such a bit of steel, for it bites like a serpent."

The scar on the man's face got redder than ever.

"As my name is Duff Kinley, I'd like to ensnare the rascal," he exclaimed. "Come! We can't lose a single minute."

Jack finished his mug and rose to his feet.

"I'm at your service," said he, showing his teeth like a wild boar. "Just now my purse is somewhat depleted, and the reward offered by her majesty would quite replenish it. Besides, I want to show him that he can't tickle Jack Blunderblade's breast with impunity."

A few minutes afterward the two left the room and were soon combating the almost overpowering fog. Blunderblade led the way, the other treading in his footsteps, and in this manner they crossed a part of the city and entered the little square in which the Red Robin stood.

"He's on the upper floor where yon little window is," whispered Jack, halting and grasping his companion's arm. "There seems to be a light beyond the curtain. We shall catch the bird in his nest."

"Lead on."

The couple entered the inn and stood in the small aleroom attached to it. At one side of this room was a door which indicated a flight of steps, and as Jack advanced toward it his arm was suddenly seized by the hand of Bull, the landlord.

"What's up?" was the query that struck Blunderblade in the face as he turned round.

"Marry, a good deal, Sir Boniface," answered Jack, who did not like the interference. "We are going to pay a little visit to your guest upstairs."

"You'll not find him in if you do," was the reply.

"We'll make the test, at any rate," almost roared Jack. "Know ye who I am?"

"All London knows you, sir," cried the landlord. "I am not used to having my house disturbed at this hour. Besides——"

Jack, with a vicious movement, jerked loose from the hand and again started toward the door.

"Stand off!" he snapped, with the anger of a cornered lion. "I am on the Queen's business."

"An oaf like you in the service of Mary Tudor?" laughed the landlord.

"Aye, aye, sir, and this gentleman is Master Kinley, who is in the same service."

"And what, pray, is your errand to the Red Robin?"

"The apprehension of one who would have killed Lord Stirling but for Khulah, the Bengalese."

At this there was a lifting of heads in different parts of the aleroom, but no one spoke.

"Now ye know why we are here," continued Blunderblade.

"I don't believe the gentleman who has the room overhead was ever with the woman who was beheaded for attacking Lord Stirling," returned the landlord.

"We'll prove it when we have him," grunted Jack.

"But I tell you the room is empty," asserted Bull.

"That's your word and nothing else, so now come on, Friend Kinley, and we'll prove this landlord the greatest liar in all London."

The stair door was jerked open by Blunderblade, and in a moment he and his companion were thundering up the steps. Into Gilbert's little chamber they rushed—with drawn weapons, and Jack lighted a candle which stood on the table in its brass candlestick. The room was empty!

"The rascal is out," Jack exclaimed, turning in disappointed rage to his friend. "For once the fat landlord told the truth. But here is his luggage," and he fell upon the little baggage which Gilbert had carried to London.

"We'll find proof of his identity in his bag," he said, looking up at Kinley.

"Search it well. Since we have found

his luggage he hasn't left for good."

"Hands off!"

The voice which assailed Captain Blunderblade's ears seemed the roar of a lion, and as he leaped to his feet he came face to face with a woman of startling avoirdupois whose blazing eyes and dress told him that she was the landlord's wife.

"Hands off, I say!" she repeated, as she came forward, all her pugilistic nature aroused. "You have no right to inspect the luggage of guests."

"We haven't, eh? Not when we are in the Queen's service?" ventured Jack.

"Not even then," was the answer. "Do you think Queen Mary would commission such a low-down wolf as Jack Blunderblade? All London knows you as the man who has turned his wife adrift, and who is none too good to murder her and throw her into the Thames."

The purple face of the big roisterer went white at this and he clinched his enormous hands.

"You never cared for the woman whom you once took to wife, a fair, gentle creature, a million times too good for such a reptile as yourself. You besmirch everything you touch. Your hands would stain a vulture's wings. Get out of my house!"

Captain Blunderblade was biting his lip thru with consuming rage. His companion, cowed by the woman's words, had backed to the door and was gazing in silence upon her.

"When one is in the Queen's service and hunting for a would-be murderer——" began Jack, when he found himself in the Amazon's grip.

"I'll show you the door!" shouted the landlord's wife in his ears. "You've dirtied my carpet with your unholy feet. More than this, I'll throw you downstairs and let Bull see the fall of one of London's jackals."

Big as he was, Captain Blunderblade was as putty in the woman's grip. Her great hands seemed to sink to his bones and her black eyes spat fire.

"Where's your poor suffering wife tonight?" she went on. "Have you killed her yet? More than once have I housed the poor creature and given her a bite. Get out, or I'll mark you worse than your rascally companion is tattooed."

She pushed Blunderblade thru the doorway and down the narrow corridor.

"It's headlong down the steps, you wolf!" she cried. "Come back here again with the lie that you are in Queen Mary's service and I'll tattoo you for life [illegible]

The dark little stairway yawn[illegible] ceive the blustering scoundrel [illegible] p[illegible] next [illegible] ment down he [illegible] She hurled from [illegible] of p[illegible] ing the lower door open, he [illegible] the floor below to the merriment of those who were in the aleroom.

This strange story leads to very extraordinary situations and dramatic episodes. The reader will find it eminently worth reading to the end. Next week's Ledger will contain further chapters of it. The surest way to get the Ledger is to subscribe for it, and have it come to your home regularly. Today is a good time to attend to this.

* * *

PERSUADING EVADNE.

The young person with the extremely long eyelashes sighed with daintiness and shook her head mournfully. With it all she bestowed upon the young man a smile of exceeding sweetness, one calculated to make him realize all that he was losing.

"No, Alexander," she said, gently, "it is no use. I don't care enough for you to marry you! I've told you so several times before!"

Then she settled herself comfortably to hear him plead.

There seemed to be a hitch, for he said nothing. Observing him in some surprise, she saw that he was regarding his clasped hands gloomily.

"I suppose you can't, Evadne!" he remarked, with sad resignation. "It has been foolish of me ever to think you could! I am not the kind of man you ever could love!"

"Wh-why not?" demanded the young woman with long eyelashes, in undeniable astonishment.

The young man threw out his hands expressively. "Oh, I am serious and stupid," he explained. "And you like gayety and fun! I——"

"Well," said the young woman, "I guess I am not so frivolous that I can't appreciate serious things! You needn't talk as if I hadn't any brains!"

"Far from it," said the young man. "I was merely pointing out how far apart we are in our ideas and aims. I don't blame you a bit, Evadne. It probably is just as well that you have decided that our marriage would be impossible. A woman's intuition is a wonderful thing—you seemed to sense the difficulties in the way at once, didn't you? I have been hard to convince, but now——"

"Really, Alexander," the young person with the long eyelashes interrupted, a trifle petulantly. "I do hate to see a person jump to conclusions the way you do! I don't see——"

"I expect," proceeded the young man, musingly, "that in time I shall grow to look upon this experience as a beautiful dream, tho a sad one—one that will color my whole life. I don't say that I shan't outgrow it, because time is inexorable, but I shall never quite forget it, Evadne! You always will be to me——"

"I am sure I don't understand you!" cried the young woman. "You act as tho I were dead and buried! This is no way for a man to treat a girl whom he has vowed to care an awful lot for! It merely shows that his devotion was false and meant nothing."

"How can you say that my love wasn't true?" demanded the young man. "You know better! But I have just realized how much wiser you are than I am—you have been able to see how unsuited we are to each other! I go plodding along——"

"You don't do anything of the sort, Alexander!" she declared. "You are one of the most brilliant and energetic——"

"I appreciate this, Evadne," said the young man, gratefully. "It is like you to soften your refusal. I certainly want to apologize for bothering you as I have done these last few weeks. It has been good of you to bear with me as you have. I know I have trespassed unpardonably upon your time——"

"The idea!" said the young woman. "I'm always delighted to see you! I cannot comprehend why you should run yourself down in that manner."

"I'm not," said the young man. "From somebody else's standpoint I might be all right. It's just from your——"

"Well!" cried the young woman. "I might have known! It's some other girl you've seen."

"Evadne!" reproached the young man. "You make me feel most unhappy! I have merely come to the realization that you are not for me—you don't care for me, never did and never can, and there's nothing for me to do but take my hat and make a graceful exit! I think I shall take the New York opening they've offered me at the office and start a clean slate! It will be hard, but I'm a man and I can endure it. I hope you'll have a splendidly happy life, Evadne, and——"

"Alexander," broke in the young woman, her voice betraying agitation. "I can't see what's got into you! I don't see what right you have to talk to me this way and upset me and—and everything! If you weren't in such a hurry to think yourself refused——"

"Evadne!" breathed the young man, in great emotion, "do you mean there is hope for me? I can't realize it!"

"You'd have known better if you hadn't been so stupid!" declared the young woman, her cheeks very pink. "You aren't going to New York, are you?"

* * *

EDDIE'S BRIDE.

"Yes, they're coming this afternoon," sighed the stout lady to her friend. "Eddie said in his letter that he could not wait a minute longer than necessary to have me meet her. And I hadn't got over the shock of the telegram! It's an awful thing, Mrs. Lillings, to have your only son get married so suddenly and send you a telegram!

"Oh, yes—he had been writing about Jane all winter. That is, his letters were full of going to parties with Jane and taking Jane to the theater and having dinner at Jane's house, but Eddie has always been so popular that I didn't think anything of it and anyhow, I always intended him to marry Ethel Rundle! She and Eddie were just made for each other!

"And he said in his letter that came after the telegram that he hoped I'd be just as good a mother-in-law as I'd always been a mother! Think of it! To a perfectly strange girl! Now, if it had been Ethel Rundle—oh, yes, he wrote that he didn't suppose the telegram had surprised me greatly after he had written so much about Jane to me! It is remarkable how foolish children can be!

"Why, when Eddie was in the sophomore year at high school and Ethel Rundle was a freshman I could see just as plainly that she was the girl for him. And he used to carry her books. I used to say to him, 'Eddie, you be nice to Ethel Rundle! She's a neighbor and I want you to be polite and a gentleman! Think of her family! Why, the Rundles have four automobiles if they have one, and Ethel is an only child.

"I had the worst time with Eddie because he hated her nose so. He said it always made him think some one had pulled it. Some people might say Ethel was too quiet, but I like these reserved girls myself. Eddie has been saying in his letters all winter that Jane was the most vivacious creature he had ever met. He always declared Ethel Rundle was stupid in spite of my pointing out that well-bred girls never raised their voices.

"I suppose this Jane is a harum scarum tomboy who'll disgrace us and never keep Eddie's socks mended! She'll want to keep on going to parties all the time and ruin Eddie with the cost of her clothing! He's always writing about her pretty clothes! I tell you, Mrs. Lillings, it's hard, after you've brought up a boy and planned out his life so sensibly and comfortably, to have all your work go for nothing! When I think of the allowance Ethel Rundle's father would have made her for clothes and extras I want to cry! To think of that boy being so wilful and picking out a girl to ruin his life!

"How do I know she will? Well, Mrs. Lillings, a mother has intuitions! There are some things you just feel! It stands to reason that any girl who would deliberately set to work to undermine all a mother's plans for her son is a trouble maker! Well, of course, living in a city a thousand miles from here she wouldn't be likely to know of Ethel Rundle, only I'm sure that Eddie must have mentioned her name—and wouldn't you think she'd have inquired who Ethel was and sort of guessed? I'll always hold that up against her, Mrs. Lillings!

"She didn't care anything at all about my wishes and plans! Naturally she would try to get Eddie after seeing him, because every one knows there isn't a better looking or finer boy in the country! How proud the Rundles would have been of him! Why, he might have succeeded Mr. Rundle as head of the Rundle factories! Oh, Jane's father owns a dry goods store or something—Eddie hasn't said much about it—all he's done is to rave over Jane's eyes and her cuteness!

"Little minx! What'll she care for Eddie, knowing him only one winter? And pretending that the reason she got married so sudden was she didn't want a big church wedding! Her people couldn't afford it, that's the long and short of it! And the lace I'd saved for years to wear when Ethel and Eddie were married!

"I would have had such a good time with Ethel—naturally she would have taken me around in her car a good deal because I was Eddie's mother! If only Eddie had kept up a correspondence with her! When he took that position in Boston I told him he simply had to be nice and write to Ethel after knowing her so long, and he did write once, as I happen to know, because I asked her if she had heard from him. I expect that Jane heard of it and stopped him! When I think of her scheming and undermining! Oh, I just know it, and you needn't try to excuse her! To think of my son marrying a perfectly strange girl, who won't keep the furniture dusted—these vivacious creatures don't care for a thing but admiration and good times!

"Her last name? Oh, Jane's last name is Kelton or something like that—what? Kelton owns the biggest dry goods store in Boston and is a millionaire? It can't be—yes. Commonwealth avenue. You're certain it's the same one? My land, to think of Eddie! I'm going right home now and make a cake. Eddie always liked my cakes. So she's from that Kelton family. And Eddie never has said anything about it all winter!

"Do you know I really can't blame him for hating Ethel Rundle's nose, Mrs. Lillings! I must rush home and get ready for Jane—I don't want Eddie to be ashamed of his mother! Trust him for picking out a wife that I know I'll like awfully well!"

* * *

BENNY WOKE UP.

Somebody was always picking on Benny. His ma began it by laying on the leather strap where it would appeal to Benny most painfully whenever she forgot the bread and let it burn or any other domestic calamity roused her wrath.

In school the other boys took a fiendish delight in inciting Benny to some infraction of the rules and in seeing him writhe when the ruler descended.

It never dawned upon Benny when he grew larger that the best way to escape his fate as a butt for all the horseplay of the other boys was to pick out a boy whom he could lick and sail in.

When he went to work he was so sensitive that if the boss called him down he would mope for a week and quit the job as soon as he could screw up his courage.

Six months was his limit for holding any one position. He was always being browbeaten by the new boss because he was the only one who would stand for it.

Obeying the law of averages, Benny was chosen by a wife who had courage enough for both. What she did to Benny was a disgrace. If he attempted to hold out any of his salary Saturday night, she backed him up into a corner and ruthlessly took it away from him. He never had a chance to hide it.

As Benny never got a raise in his salary he could not hold out anything for a night under the bright lights. If he managed to hide half a dollar for a hilarious celebration with the boys his wife invariably took it away and entertained her women friends at the movies.

Within six months after their marriage she taught him how to mop the floor and do the family washing.

But even this worm had a limit. That morning his wife, as usual, remained in bed until Benny had shaken down the kitchen fire and the furnace and started the steam heat going, cooked his morning cereal and coffee, served his own breakfast, put out the ashes and the cat and started his daily dash for the 6:30 train for the city.

He accomplished this round of duties in half an hour, but he missed the train. Thus began his independence. Compelled to wait half an hour on the windy platform of the railroad station, even Benny's disposition suffered a cramp.

When he arrived at the office half an hour late the boss had just arrived with his daily grouch and as usual picked Benny for the goat.

As greatly to Benny's astonishment as to the others, the worm turned and bit the boss. For about one minute Benny delivered a profane declaration of independence that was afterward preserved as an office classic.

The boss was so startled that he even forgot to fire Benny. The second surprise of the day came when the boss called him into the private office and said:

"Benny, I didn't know you had it in you. Now, I want a man with spunk enough to rise up on his hind legs and say what he means for office manager. You get the job. Go to it."

Whereupon Benny descended upon the office employes who had been bullyragging him for years and gave them a taste of his medicine.

That evening, when Benny arrived home, he laid down the law of the establishment in terms that blistered.

"Hereafter you will get up when the alarm clock rings and hustle the grub together," he said. "No more saving up the breakfast and dinner dishes for me to wash after I come home from work. Don't let the kitchen fire go out rather than carry up a scuttle of coal any more, or I'll make it so hot you won't need any stove.

"I am going to get my share of rest and recreation hereafter and see that you get your share of work. From now on I'm It in this place."

The funny thing about it is that he was.

* * *

Which and Where?

Two gentlemen, a lawyer and his friend, were recently motoring thru Greenfield, Ind. the birthplace of James Whitcomb Riley. They stopped for luncheon and after the meal inquired of the hotel clerk:

"Where is the Riley house?"

"I don't know any hotel by that name," he replied, "altho there may be some boarding-house here."

"I mean the James Whitcomb Riley house," said the lawyer, thinking that the clerk had misunderstood him.

"I don't know him; you may be able to find his name in the city directory."

"I guess he's moved," said the lawyer.

"Probably," the hotel keper commented. "Some of them renters don't stay long in a place."

Half a century ago, when the fame of Whittier, the Quaker poet, was yet young, a somewhat similar incident occurred in Amesbury, where he lived. A traveler, with a few hours to spare and a soul for poetry, strolled into a shop on the main street and asked for "the Whittier house." The obliging clerk shook his head.

"There's plenty of Whitchers in town," he said, using the local pronunciation of the name, "but there don't none of 'em keep a hotel. Somebody's told you wrong."

"No, no!" explained the visitor. "I'm not looking for a hotel; I want to find the house Whittier lives in."

"Which Whitcher?" inquired the clerk.

"Which Whittier?" exploded the traveler, who was of a peppery disposition. "The Whittier! I don't care whether the rest of the tribe live in Ballyhack or Amesbury!"

"They don't live in Ballyhack, and most of 'em do live in Amesbury, and I can direct you to any Whitcher house you want to find," declared the aggrieved clerk. "All is, don't fly off the handle. Just tell me which, and I'll tell you where. But if you won't so much as tell a fellow which Whitcher you want, how's he to tell which house your Whitcher lives in?"

"I want," said the traveler, "John Greenleaf Whittier, the poet.' '

"Oh!" remarked the clerk. "Him! Your boot's wore over sideways considerable, and I thought most likely you were looking for Whitcher, the shoemaker."

* * *

Much credit may be due the wife who does her own housework, but it takes money to operate a hired servant.

SHE DARKENED HER GRAY HAIR

A Kansas City Lady Darkened Her Gray Hair and Made It Soft and Glossy by a Simple Home Process.

She Tells How She Did It.

A well-known resident of Kansas City, Mo., who darkened her gray hair by a simple home process, made the following statement: "Any lady or gentleman can darken their gray or faded hair, and make it soft and glossy with this simple recipe, which they can mix at home. To half a pint of water add 1 oz. of bay rum, 1 small box of Barbo Compound and ¼ oz. of glycerine. These ingredients can be purchased at any drug store at very little cost. Apply to the hair every other day until the gray hair is darkened sufficiently. It is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off. It will make a gray haired person look 10 to 20 years younger." ***

That Cannibal Isle

Or, The Ruby of Roo

By Will Gage Carey

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CHAPTER VII.

PRISONERS AND PLOTTERS.

SO FAR, in our present dealing with Maori, the crafty old King certainly had all the best of it. He outwitted me right off the reel; he crossed me on my first trip up at the plate, making me swing at three bad ones. To find out exactly what I had in mind, he adroitly led me into a fit of unreasoning anger, during which I bleated out the information which (if I hoped for success) I should have kept stowed away in my noodle. I fell for his scheming like a hick from Posey County buying the Masonic Temple from some town slicker! Oh, well; there were some things I had yet to learn pertaining to intrigue and diplomacy, even from the semi-barbarous King of a dinky little wart of a cannibal isle!

In half an hour, or such a matter, I came to; I was outstretched upon the dirt floor of a grass-roof bungalow, and I was bound hand and foot. I had a burning desire for immediate and dire revenge—and a throbbing knob over my left ear the size of a young china nest-egg.

When my eyes became accustomed to the darkness, I saw a dim figure across the room from me. It was Kahanamoku, He was sitting upon a reed bench, and he had his head buried in his hands. I struggled to free my limbs, and groaned [illegible] attempt. Kahan[illegible] raised his head.

"Back again?" he asked, simply.

"Yes; what happened?"

"There was a fight."

"Ah?"

Then in mock heroic tones, and in parody of present press dispatches from the war zone, he drawled: "I have a victory to report, sir. From the beginning, we had the enemy on the run; but they were all running our way!"

"Where's Martella?" I asked, attempting again to get up.

At this a sudden change came over him; he jumped to his feet. "We must find her!" he exclaimed.

"Your hands are not bound?"

"They were; I got the thongs loose."

"Then help me."

As he was bending over untying my limbs, an inquiring head was thrust cautiously thru the doorway, then a shadowy figure came gliding up to us. It was Martella! There was a joyful reunion.

"You—you are quite unharmed?" I asked her.

"Yes, quite," she answered. "The King had me taken to a nice, clean bungalow; I have two girls to wait upon me, to get me anything I want. There is a guard somewhere in front; but I got out the back way to look you up. I have news——"

"You're a fast worker, Martella," I said.

"I have to be—when you're such a foozler," she answered, laughing. "Well, thru one of my maids, I've learned that Maori already regrets what he has done—making captives of you, I mean."

"He wants to be friends?"

"For the present, yes; he believes that he needs you."

"'Needs' me?" I repeated. "What for?"

"You heard him speak of a new electric launch he's ordered——"

"Yes—yes!"

"Well, he's decided now he's got to treat you nice for a while, and get you to stay here until he learns thru you just how to run his new launch——"

"Good! We'll play it for all it's worth; by the time the launch gets here we'll have our own plans at work——"

"He will probably not mention his scheme to you," Martella went on, "and you must pretend not to know; and whatever happens, don't lose your head again. From now on, it must be our wits against his; do you understand?"

"Yes," I answered meekly.

"Now I must hurry and get back——" She turned toward the Hawaiian: "By the way, Mr. Kahanamoku, how do you feel?"

"I feel like I'd enjoy having Black Dave right here for about five minutes——"

"Not yet!" she answered, laughing up at him; "the time for that may come later. Now, you two get down on the floor again, quick!"

"What's the idea? Why should we——"

She cut me short.

"Listen, and do just as I say! They left you two bound; they'll come for you again in a few minutes; I want them to find you just as they left you. We must 'jolly' 'em along into believing that everything is breaking just their way!"

She tied us up good and fast; then slipped away to her own bungalow. In a few moments we heard the King's patrol approaching.

"If I had Black Dave——" Kahanamoku began mumbling; but there was no time to finish.

CHAPTER VIII.

ON THE ISLE OF ROO.

A WEEK passed. From all outward appearances we were merely contented sojourners upon Fhu-boo-loo; the King but a gracious and royal host. In reality, we only awaited the time to strike boldly to get back our ruby; and he tolerated our presence, being still imbued with the idea that I could be of some use to him when the new launch arrived.

Little was said concerning the ruby, on either side; we let the impression get out that we no longer hoped to regain it; that we were willing to depart at any time. But the King tactfully prevented our leaving (so he believed), using first one pretext and another. We had the freedom of the island, the exclusive use of the launch; and all things considered, our existence was far from irksome and unpleasant. But I knew that back of all this seeming serenity danger lurked; that we must make the use of every moment in furthering our plans, and hastening the time for a quick, sudden get-away.

Early one bright, sunny morning Martella, Kahanamoku and I set forth in the launch for a visit to King Albertus, over on the neighboring island of Roo. This ruler, as I remembered him, was as different from King Maori as is night from day. For ages the keenest sort of rivalry had existed between the Roos and the Fhu-boo-loos. I felt that I could depend upon help from the ruler of Roo in the execution of my plan, if for no other reason than that its success might bring defeat and consequent humbling of the vain and boastful Maori, the ruler of Fhu-boo-loo.

A distance of only about eight miles separated the two islands, and we made the run in something less than an hour; for, as I have said, the little gray launch was no speeder. Arriving at the island, we steered straight into a small river, which, I remembered, ran past the royal palace. The hoarse coughing of our exhaust brought hordes of astonished Roos down to either bank; but they made no movement either to molest or to welcome us.

We reached the palace, or rather, the landing, and the long marble stairway leading up to the palace. Here I left Martella and the Hawaiian, and began the ascent of the stairs alone. I had only made the first turn when I came suddenly upon an elderly person of patriarchal appearance and bearing. He was sitting upon an immense stone coping, reading from a leather-bound tome. I recognized him at a glance—King Albertus, the ruler of Roo!

I ran up to him, and knelt before him. He laid the huge volume aside, and sat there gazing gravely down at me from over his spectacles. Then he spoke:

"You are welcome, stranger——"

"Why 'stranger'?" I broke in, looking up into his honest old face. Then he recognized me, and arose and clasped me to him. "Thrice welcome now," he exclaimed, with genuine pleasure. "Welcome to Roo! What we have is yours freely, if only we can in part repay now what you have done for us in days past!"

He was referring to a certain year when I had trained the Roo baseball team to such a state of perfection that it had trimmed the Fhu-boo-loo team to a frazzle, thereby winning the Inter-Island League pennant! No wonder, then, that he remembered me and was grateful.

From all around us now I saw peeking the curious faces of his subjects; but he had them well trained, and they did not venture to intrude upon us. He wanted to take me right on up to the palace, but I was too anxious to get at the subject I had in mind.

"Let's sit right here, King Albertus," I said; "there is something of vast import to me I want to talk over with you."

Then I told him all; told him of how the ruler of Fhu-boo-loo had, in some manner, contrived to steal the Ruby of Roo (which, by the way, had come originally from this very isle); how we had come to Fhu-Boo-loo after it; of our reception; and then I explained in detail to him how, with his help, I hoped to regain the ruby. Say, that man was a king if there ever was one! He listened as tho my troubles, my desires, were his very own! And when I had finished he clasped my hand and said words in my ear that made my heart throb with hope and gladness.

We talked over details for some time, until we had things very nicely mapped out; then I went and got Martella and the Hawaiian and presented them to King Albertus. He received them with kindly dignity and grace; then we ascended the stairway to the portico of the palace, where he seated us, ordering refreshments to be brought at once.

It was at this moment that a slim, graceful maiden came and stood behind the chair of King Albertus, stroking his gray locks tenderly and with unassumed affection. She was beautiful, very, very beautiful, with great dark eyes and long curly black hair hanging down from her fair brow. He reached up and took her hand.

"My daughter," he said, with a certain pride, introducing us each in turn.

Then the ruler of Roo turned to the young Hawaiian.

"And you, sir," he said, pleasantly, "how do you like the looks of our little island of Roo?"

Kahanamoku answered as one in a trance:

"The most beautiful sight," he said slowly, "that I have seen in all my life!" And as he spoke his eyes were fastened upon those of the maiden at the back of the King's chair.

A moment later, when opportunity came, I whispered to Martella: "What did the King say his daughter's name is?"

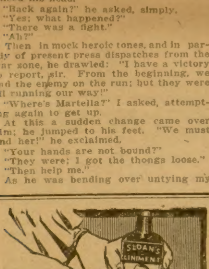
And she answered me: "Nalira."

CHAPTER IX.

ROOS AGAINST LOOS.

THE following morning I started out early to find King Maori; I had a proposition to put up to him. I came upon him out back of the palace, in a sort of patio or inclosed garden. He was standing by a spurting fountain; and on and around him fluttered an immense flock of brilliant-hued pigeons. These he was feeding from a basin containing wild rice.

For a moment I stood there watching the scene. Suddenly a big gray bird, considerably larger than any pigeon, flashed down out of the air, and with a movement so swift that the eye could scarcely follow, alighted fairly upon the glittering basin in Maori's hand, attempting to snatch it away from him. The King, with some difficulty, scared it away; it flew to the branch of a tree near by, where it began preening its



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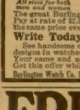

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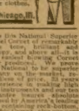

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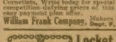

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gray plumage with every evidence of a ruffled temper and displeasure.

I approached the King; the pigeons gave no heed, but continued to flutter around and to feed. When Maori saw me, he exclaimed:

"Did you see that big gray bird just now?"

"Yes," I answered; "evidently a rare species. What is it?"

"It is called the Magli bird," he answered, "and it is very rare. They belong to the same family as the magpie, and have similar traits. This one and a mate have a nest over there on Eagle Crag—" he pointed out across to the end of the promontory, where a great pinnacle extended upward above all the surrounding crags and peaks—"and the two of 'em are great thieves! Anything they get their talons on they carry off to their nest on Eagle Crag. Watch this."

As he spoke he stooped and picked up a small, circular piece of shining tin, which he threw toward the tree. With a lightning-like swoop the gray bird snatched it from the air, and in another second was winging its way toward Eagle Crag. Its flight was so rapid, and the color of its plumage so near that of the gray sky, it was soon lost to view; but we knew that the piece of tin had gone to adorn the nest on the high pinnacle.

I turned again toward Maori. Strange, dual-natured personage; this glimpse of him with his pets was a fleeting disclosure of his better nature; his very talk seemed softened and refined; his diction now was strikingly different from that which he usually saw fit to employ. He surmised that I had something to discuss with him. He set the basin aside; we took a seat upon a stone bench on the other side of the fountain; and once more Maori became the shrewd, calculating, unprincipled monarch, a boastful braggart, vain and surfeited with personal ego, and dangerous in his suave servility.

I got to the business at hand at once.

"King Maori," I began, "during former visits to these seas, I learned that there is a certain possession here in the South Seas that you desire very much to own!"

"So? What is that?" he replied.

"It is the great Sapphire Cross—owned by King Albertus, the ruler of Roo."

I saw him give a sudden start. His eyes narrowed down to mere slits; he gazed at me searchingly, as tho trying to read my thoughts. Then he attempted to dissimulate.

"That tawdry junk of ol' Doc Ya[illegible]—ruler of Roo! Why, kid——"

"Why, you'd give your right arm to own it! Now, I'm in a position to fix things so you can have at least a fighting chance to get that Sapphire Cross—do you want to hear?"

I could see that already he was in a high state of expectation and feverish anticipation; but he answered casually enough: "Oh, well—if you've somethin' to say, I'll listen."

"I have something to say," I went on, hurriedly, "and of vast import, too. Listen—I'll make it short and to the point. Here on Fhu-boo-loo you have some very good athletes——"

"Best in the South Seas!" broke in Maori.

"Perhaps! Any good swimmers amongst them?"

"Best in the whole world!"

"Good. Now, over on Roo, so Albertus tells me, they have some pretty fair swimmers, too. He is willing to enter a racing meet; Roo swimmers against Fhu-boo-loo swimmers!"

"He's crazy!"

"He's just this crazy," I answered, "he is willing to wager on the result of this proposed swimming race—the Sapphire Cross against the Ruby of Roo!"

The King gasped, despite his effort to keep himself well in hand.

"How do you know he will?" he asked, abruptly. "And where do you come in on this—you, and your claim to be the rightful possessor of the ruby?"

"I know what Albertus will do, because I talked it all over with him—yesterday. If he wins the ruby from you—as with all my heart and soul I hope he does——"

"Thanks!"

"He will deal fairly with Martella and me concerning the ruby. As soon as you give your word of assent, his swimmers will begin training for the race. They await your answer; are you all bluff? Have you a streak of yellow as broad as your back—or, will you accept the Roo challenge?"

He was silent for a moment, not that he held the slightest doubt concerning the superiority of his Loo swimmers, but he wanted to consider the proposition from all angles—to figure out just what role I would have in the event; to discern if there was any chance for him to secure some little sneaking advantage either in terms of the wager or rules of the contest.

"Harold," he said, at length, "I must certainly hand it to you for bein' a grand little fixer! You are a man of ideas—and innovations. Now, take this little plan you have just suggested: Why, you fairly permeate it with your personality. All the way thru Morganblott stands out like Jess Willard at a Japanese tea-party! You are the big Ike——"

"Nothing of the sort, King," I replied. "True, the idea is my own. But I know the [illegible]atiate love for sport events and contests which you and your people and the Roos all possess. It will be a grand event—a gala day, long to be remembered. The Sapphire Cross will be turned over to you if a Loo swimmer wins!"

"Um-m!"

"A grand race; grueling battle all the way; bands playing; cheering throngs; greatest meet in South Sea Island history——"

The King sprang to his feet.

"Say no more! I accept the Roo challenge. Let me see—this is Monday; let the race be held Saturday, in the sheltered bay here on the shore of Fhu-boo-loo. Adios!"

Martella and Kahanamoku were waiting for me in the launch; I hastened to join them, to take the good news over to Roo.

CHAPTER X.

PREPARING FOR THE RACE.

BUSY days followed. This is what confronted us—the three who had come in quest of the Ruby of Roo: We knew that the jewel was on Fhu-boo-loo; that if a Roo swimmer won the coming race, King Albertus would turn the ruby over to us, and that we had at least an equal chance to win from the Fhu-boo-loo swimmers, great as they undoubtedly were. But Martella had taken to worrying. She put the question to me as to how we were to make our escape from the clutches of King Maori and his minions, even if we got possession of the ruby again!

I confess that I was at a loss how to answer her. I could plan and conceive to gain the ruby, but to escape with it was something concerning which I could formulate no logical scheme. So long as Maori possessed the might, we could not expect from him—right. No, we would have to resort to subterfuge; if things broke just right for us, and if we were abundantly favored by good fortune, we might succeed in escaping from Fhu-boo-loo with the ruby in our possession; but, at best, the prospect ahead looked dark for us.

Of us three, Kahanamoku was the only one who could be said to enjoy life to the full; he was the busy kid for fair. By day, on Fhu-boo-loo, he was a modern Esau; at night, over on Roo, he had the Romeo of old backed clear off the balcony! As a love-maker, he was a fast worker; he showed as much class as one of those straight-nosed young men with the pretty hair, in the four-reel thrillers; but for results, he didn't have anything on Nalira herself, at that. She had him gasping and stepping on his own feet whenever she turned those big dark eyes of hers full upon him.

On his hunting trips to the mountains on Fhu-boo-loo, Kahanamoku always had a troop of Loo trackers and guides at his heels, and never failed to bring back plenty of game; which addition to the island's commissary department soon made him as popular as a handsome janitor at a young ladies' finishing school. On one occasion, his trusty old Black Dave brought down an immense silver-tip bear. The skin of this monster he presented to Martella; she kept it spread out over her little cabin on the launch, to cure in the sun.

The coming race had created a furore of excitement, not only upon Fhu-boo-loo and Roo, but on many adjacent islands. Every day came runners in quest of information, or to make reservations for seats, and to place heavy wagers on the outcome. It had been decided by the joint committee on arrangements that preliminary races be held by the swimmers of each island, to select a contestant (winner of all in the local speed try-outs) for the grand race on the coming Saturday. In other words, Roo and Fhu-boo-loo were each to have but one entree in the race for the grand stakes—that contestant to be the best to be found, as proved by the early try-outs.

All this kept interest and enthusiasm up to fever pitch. Maori was as busy as a cow's tail in fly time—now here, now there—switching from one duty to another: superintending the erection of the great semicircular grandstand down on the shore of the bay, negotiating for the sale of seats, placing bets, keeping a watchful eye on the contestants in the preliminary speed trials. He was in his glory—his element! He was happy in the prospect of witnessing a grand race; he was in ecstasy in the belief that no swimmer could possibly conquer Fhu-boo-loo's best. He was confident that he had the race already cinched; that the multifarious wagers to be paid over to him, the great flaming prize—the Sapphire Cross—and last but not least, the triumph over his rivals, the Roos, and his subsequent decisive advantage over us, would make the day long to be remembered. Yes, Maori was a busy monarch; and as merry as a munition maker in war time.

Over on Roo, too, things were humming just as lively, and preparation was just as active. Good old Albertus, however, was noticeably worried; not that he dreaded to lose the Sapphire Cross, but that, perchance, he might not be able to save the Ruby of Roo for us! He went amongst his young men—the swimmers—imploring, entreating. But there was no such lack of confidence amongst his subjects. They expected nothing but a Roo victory; they were quick to cover all Loo money in sight.

I did not get over to Roo often; it was not my purpose to mingle much with the contestants of either isle. One day, however, while making a friendly call on King Albertus a short time before the race, he said to me, suddenly:

"Harold, there is something I want to ask you."

"Very well, King," I answered, "what is it?"

"It is this: What is a ukulele?"

"A ukulele, King," I replied, "is, in shape, a sort of jitney guitar. Its neck is only about a third as long as that of its uncle, the Japanese samisen; also, it lacks much of its second cousin's—the mandolin's—embonpoint. But tho lacking both in neck and in embonpoint, it cuts quite a swath musically——"

"But is it a very difficult instrument, Harold?"

"Do you mean," I asked, "to play, to teach—or to listen to?"

"To learn, Harold."

Now, I knew this much about a ukulele; it is peculiar in itself, that one learning simply cannot get the correct fingering unless the teacher holds the hand of the one learning not only during the lesson, but likewise during the greater part of the entire evening. This information I learned as an observant spectator during certain moonlight evenings when Kahanamoku was teaching Nalira to play the ukulele. Still, I didn't impart all this to the King; instead, I stalled, with the query:

"Why do you ask, your highness?"

"Well, I have noticed this," he began slowly, "that since Nalira has been tsying to learn the ukulele, a great change has come over her; she is no longer the same. She used to be rather a quiet, melancholy girl; now she laughs a great deal—and sometimes, when, so far as I can see, there is absolutely nothing at which to laugh! At other times—well, she sighs considerably—when there is nothing to sigh about! Perhaps she takes her music far too much at heart. Do you think Mr. Kahanamoku is a good teacher?"

Now, this young cousin of the famous Duke was certainly a nice boy; Martella and I were both fond of him, and we knew that he came of fine family. So I answered:

"'A good teacher?' One of the best, King. From the results he has already achieved I should say that he is one of the best ukulele teachers in the world!"

And in my own mind—and doubtless Nalira's—there was absolutely no question on this point.

CHAPTER XI.

AN UNEXPECTED ENTREE.

THE day of the race arrived, clear and beautiful, and with barely enough breeze stirring to ruffle the deep water of the bay. Shortly after dawn craft of all description began arriving, bearing visitors in whom interest now amounted almost to a frenzy. At noon the Roo contestant arrived, escorted by a band, and the entire populace of that isle,

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cheery, noisy and confident. With King Albertus came Nalira and her maids.

At the hour set for the race the huge grandstand at the water's edge was packed and jammed, and a dusky horde covered the surrounding crags and pinnacles. Despite the immense strain of eager expectancy and hope for victory, the Roo and Loo crowds mingled in amiable good-fellowship, and in utmost harmony.

All being in readiness, there was a signal from the master of ceremonies, and a Roo courtier stepped out upon the starting platform, with a slim, clean-limbed young athlete by his side. The throng from the neighboring island cheered vociferously. The announcer raised his hand for silence; then he called out in stentorian tones:

"On behalf of the ruler and people of Roo, I name Steve Muhralli to swim for us in today's meet! Steve is good; we of Roo admit it! I think I may say, without any question of doubt, that Steve Muhralli is the best swimmer in existence today! [Cries and catcalls, groans and much booing from the home crowd.] In the early elimination tests Steve met and defeated the best swimmers of Roo—and he did it easily and with no sign of distress. By virtue of his wonderful performance, Albertus, the ruler of Roo, has made Steve a member of the Insular Knighthood! He is a Knight of the Queen's Night-cap, and Knight of the King's High-ball. [Cries of "good night" from the home crowd.] And likewise, he is Knight of the Slippery Eels. Ladies an' gem-men—Steve Muhralli! I thank you."

The speaker returned to his seat, an expression of calm beatitude and wondrous satisfaction upon his perspiration-covered countenance. The speech brought forth tumultuous applause from the visiting throng. Steve Muhralli bowed with stately dignity this way and that, then moved over a little to one side to make room for King Maori, who was already leading out upon the platform a short, squat Fhu-boo-loo squab who blinked up at the sun, then grinned amiably in all directions at friend and foe alike, with praiseworthy impartiality. From the home crowd a roar of applause arose. King Maori let it have full vent, then began grandly:

"Folks, this here's Tub Uhgantii—a regular swimmer! [Agonized groans, and cries of "Oh, you Tub-o!" from the visitors.] The Roo gent who jus' spieled is sufferin' from wobbly brain-storm an' a spavined condition of the anterior epithelium when he says his bloke is the best swimmer in existence. Say, where'd he get that funny noise? There is but one swimmer in the world, folks—his name is Tub Uhgantii! [Cheers from the home crowd; and a small, shrill voice from the Roo section: "His name again, please; Tub—or Dub?"] By right of what he has done—and tells me he can do—Tub Uhgantii is some Knight himself. He is a Knight of the Cerise Cuspidor; Knight of the Boston Garters; Knight of the Short Cut B. V. D. [Maori was not to be outdone by any Roo spieler!] And he likewise is a Knight of the Amalgamated Kelly Pool Association—and other honorable and charitable institutions too numerous to mention at this time. Tub Uhgantii is a champion of champions; but he is subject to attacks of ingrowing modesty; he is a shrinking violet; he hates to hear his name coupled with praise—so I desist. Folks—greet the world champion!"

The shrinking Tub grinned foolishly, and did a short double-shuffle on the plank walk.

The applause and uproar became deafening; as it died away I sprang upon the starting platform, with Kahanamoku—in civilian attire—at my side. A silence fell upon the throng; I began speaking:

"To those who love a good fight—a square fight—may I speak a word?

"I, too, have an entree I want to see in today's great meet: Mr. George Kahanamoku!" Here my protege threw off his outer garments, and stood forth in his racing trunks, erect, graceful, as beautifully molded as a statue of gleaming bronze. A gasp of approval and admiration went up from the vast assembly. I continued:

"He is a swimmer—yes—for he comes from a land of swimmers; a land where they raise 'em big and strong, stout-hearted and wonderfully fast!

"He is no champion of champions, no world beater! He has raced with no one in particular—has beaten no one of especial renown; but, with your kind permission, he is willing to go in today. I do not know how he will show against these two worthy contestants; but this I do know: You'll find him fighting all the way! He is willing—yes, anxious—to go in and do his gol-darndest! To go in and do his best

"To win today
For the U. S. A.

"You lovers of true sport and fair play—will you accept my entree—George Kahanamoku—of the far-off, sun-kissed land of Hawaii?"

A hush had fallen over the vast throng; I awaited the verdict.

CHAPTER XII.

THE RACE.

I KNEW well enough how King Maori, ruler of Fhu-boo-loo, would look upon such a proposition as I had just made; and I was not surprised when I saw him headed for the starting platform, his face blazing with fury and anger. But I flattered myself that I understood, as well, the people of his island, and of Roo—those true sports whose blood would ever tingle at any fair, well-fought struggle; who would cheer a game and hard-fighting contestant, be he friend or adversary; who would cheerfully award victory to any man who earned it! I had put the issue fairly up to them; I felt no uneasiness as to what their verdict would be.

"How about the Roo and Loo wagers?" some one in the crowd shouted.

"They are to stand as made," I shouted back. "In case my man wins there is still the battle for supremacy between the Roo and Fhu-boo-loo swimmers to be decided!"

King Maori did not reach the platform with his protest. He heard the shouts of the multitude; he knew better than to attempt to stem the tide of popular sentiment as expressed in that mighty chorus: "The Hawaiian! Hurrah for Kahanamoku! Let him race with the others!" My entree took his place beside the other contestants, and all three poised for the starting signal.

It was not to be a straight-away race, but over two sides of an angular course. That is, the swimmers were to swim around a buoy placed not far from shore at a distance of something like three hundred yards from the starting platform; thence to a piling straight out seaward from the grandstand. The first to reach this piling was to be declared winner of the race. It was on the top of this distant goal that a small tin box had been placed, and in that box reposed the Sapphire Cross and the Ruby of Roo!

Now, since my entree—or rather, the interests which he represented—had not contributed to this pool stake out upon the top of the piling, it was agreed just before the start of the race that should Kahanamoku reach the piling first, he would simply round that point and head for home; but the Roo or Loo swimmer to reach the tin box first was privileged to reach up and grasp the prize to carry back in triumph to whichever ruling monarch he represented.

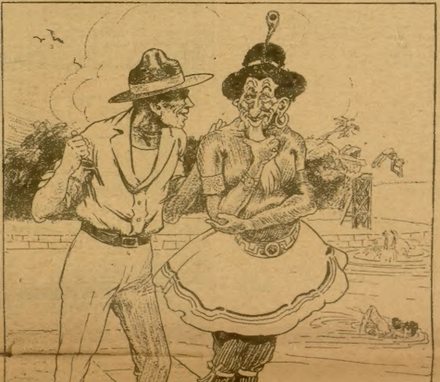
Why, then, had I brought my swimmer, Kahanamoku, all the way from Hawaii? Merely to confront Maori, so that wily ruler could not make a claim of knowing nothing of the whereabouts of the Ruby of Roo. The idea of his entering the great race had occurred to us only at the last hour. I wanted him to race simply because Maori's boasting and bragging had become intolerable; I wanted to see Maori defeated and humbled before the multitudes of both Roo and Fhu-boo-loo.

And Kahanamoku's desire to race? Well—in the royal box occupied by King Albertus was a little dark-eyed, black-haired slip of a girl looking down upon the racers. He knew that she and her people looked upon a man who was not an athlete as mighty poor material. He had begged me for this chance to make good; now it was up to him.

The starting signal was given. The three poised figures flashed thru the air, cut the water with scarcely a ripple, and the race was on.

Twenty yards from the start Tub Uhgantii was leading by a length, with Muhralli and the Hawaiian following and nearly abreast.

Years ago the Australians learned from the natives of the South Seas a famous stroke now known as the "crawl;" this stroke Uhgantii was using, and with it he was forcing his tublike form thru the water with a speed that was amazing! Muhralli, too, used a stroke somewhat similar, a modification of the Australian crawl; and that it is truly a grand stroke for a sprint was evidenced from the fact that he was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now, like Uhgantii, making a good lead over the Hawaiian. Like some great brown fish he seemed to flash thru the water, with each mighty reach gaining foot by foot on the leader, and widening the distance separating him from Kahanamoku.

The crowd, for the moment, seemed bereft of reason. From those of the royal boxes down to the humblest subject all were standing up, cheering, urging, imploring! Pandemonium reigned; the din and riot seemed ear-splitting. Then, in a brief lull, from the box of King Albertus I heard a high treble call out, plaintive, pleading: "Oh, Kahanamoku!"

Out over the waters the pleading entreaty seemed to carry, freighted with its soulful message! The form of that last struggling swimmer seemed suddenly to be galvanized with a new and glorious power; it seemed to tear its way thru the water, to fairly leap ahead; and there followed then a race such as never was beheld before in all South Sea history!

Tub Uhgantii and Muhralli were superb—no gainsaying that; and each was fighting, foot by foot, for the honor and sacred traditions of his island. But behind them, gaining, surely gaining, was one who came from a land of swimmers; one in whom the pride heritage was strong; one in whose ears a soulmate's cry for victory still rang!

Now he was fighting his way, not with science and muscle alone, but with mental activities alert. For Kahanamoku was not using the "crawl;" he knew that stroke, and its value in a sprint; but this was to be a long race—long, tiring, grueling—and he placed his reliance on the good old trudgeon stroke! With this least tiring of all speed-making strokes—the double over-arm combined with the scissors kick—he alternated a simple breast stroke. Now, at the turning buoy, his opponents, abreast, still led him by four yards. But the pace was surely killing them off, and Kahanamoku was just coming into his best!

Now Uhgantii attempted a spurt! With all the fighting spirit of a brave heart he strove to break away from that dark flashing form at his side; a foot he gained—two feet—a yard!

"Good for you, Uhgantii!" called out King Maori, in a transport of delight. "Show 'em up! You can do it, ol' scout!"

And his subjects took up the cry: "Go on, Tub; atta boy—beat 'em to it!"

And Tub, great swimmer that he was, tried and tried again; his effort was vain; already he was losing the lead gained. The shouts of the Roo hosts arose; Muhralli was leading now for the first time in the race! Good old King Albertus was cheering madly; but by his side sat a little girl, leaning forward with straining eyes, who was not cheering, even in this moment of Roo triumph.

Spectacular? Yes—wonderfully so; but now, from along behind came old commonplace, unspectacular trudgeon! From behind, forging ahead, striving frantically, but with no evidence of that laborious exertion which spelled physical exhaustion, displayed by the two ahead.

Now Kahanamoku was but a yard behind; now a foot; now even with Muhralli and ahead of Tub Uhgantii! I took time to glance over at Maori. The ruler of Fhu-boo-loo still stood there grim and determined, but with just a suggestion of a shadow of approaching disaster spreading over his set features. King Albertus was silent and tense; little Nalira stood with both tiny hands clinched and pressed against her breast. Suddenly I heard her give a glad cry; the Hawaiian was leaving both Uhgantii and Muhralli behind, and was drawing on close to the piling.

Now another cry rent the air; it came from the lips of King Maori, who was just taking a long telescope down from his eyes.

"The tin box with the jewels!" he shrieked forth. "It is gone; it has disappeared from the piling!"

CHAPTER XIII.

FRIEND—OR FOE!

KAHANAMOKU had reached the piling now; I saw him touch it, and begin swimming about in vague manner, looking first at the clamorous crowd, then at Uhgantii and Muhralli, who were still fighting for such empty honors as remained. The Roo swimmer was next to reach the goal. The master of ceremonies, despite the commotion and rising disturbance amongst the audience, attempted to announce the winners of the race, as a technical formality: "Kahanamoku, the Hawaiian, wins; Muhralli, of Roo, is victor over Uhgantii of Fhu-boo-loo——"

"Hush that nonsense!" shouted King Maori, with sudden fury. "I tell you the jewels are gone—stolen! There has been dirty work done, that's certain!"

He left his place in the royal box, shouting out orders as he went. To hide his chagrin and mortification at being defeated by both the Hawaiian and Roo, he was creating an uproar in directing a search for the missing jewels. The attitude of the throng was fast changing from dumb inactivity to a condition bordering upon the riotous. Already a force of expert divers had been rowed out to the piling. There the water was clear, and the bottom of white sand; it was hoped by some of those who still retained self-possession that the jewels would be found by the divers, the tin box, perchance, having been blown off into the water.

Added confusion was occasioned when the Roo bettors attempted to collect; for many of the Fhu-boo-loos—seeking a loophole—raised the point that, the race having been won by the Hawaiian, all bets should be declared off. Now incipient riot not only threatened, but in some portions actual fighting was under way.

King Albertus, who disliked a mob and disorder as much as Maori gloried in such turmoil, had already hastened aboard his yacht, with Nalira. In fact, most of the Roos now, realizing under what disadvantages they would be placed if a battle started on Loo soil, were hurriedly embarking.

I took Martella by the hand, and together we raced for the boathouse, our idea being to board the launch if danger pressed too closely around us. On the way we came face to face with the Hawaiian. He was running swiftly inland, and was carrying Black Dave.

"Kahanamoku!" I called to him.

He stopped short.

"Have you gone raving crazy?" I shouted to him.

"No."

"Then where are you running—with that gun?"

"To Eagle Crag!" he answered.

"What for? Come with us——"

Then he came closer; he was near to falling from exhaustion and fatigue. "No," he said, "I can't go with you; our one chance to get the ruby is for me to reach Eagle Crag! Can't you understand——"

"Eagle Crag—no! Explain yourself——"

"Listen; the tin box with the jewels was stolen——"

"Yes—yes!"

"By the Magii bird!"

"Impossible!"

"What I say is true! While every one was watching that first lap of the race, the gray bird, attracted by the glittering tin, swooped down and carried off the jewels!"

Martella questioned him eagerly: "How do you know that, Kahanamoku? Did you see——"

"No; but I saw the bird circling close to the piling during the first part of the race. I will get to its nest; there is one chance in a thousand that I can save the ruby for you."

"And we——"

"Must do as I tell you! Run to the launch; have things ready for a quick get-away."

"All right, Kahan!"

"Take the bear skin——"

"Yes——"

"And spread it out, sail-fashion, against the mast."

"Yes."

"Then turn the boat, so the skin is broadside with Eagle Crag——"

"But why——"

"I can't stop to tell you now. Do as I say; it is your one chance to regain the Ruby of Roo."

Without stopping to say more, he broke into a run for the distant pinnacle.

We reached the launch safely, the Roos and Loos being too occupied with their own affairs to give any heed to us.

At the bow of the launch I had placed a small mast, hoping that a tiny sail might give us more speed, some time, perhaps, when urgently needed. Against this mast I now spread the bear skin, not understanding the reason for so doing, but blindly obeying Kahan's parting instructions. Then we cast loose from the dock, and swung out into the bay, at last casting anchor so that the sail hung broadside to Eagle Crag.

And now a wild cry rang out from the Fhu-boo-loos ashore; a cry pregnant with fury, taken up here and there and augmented until it seemed to become a horrible, savage howl from some inferno. They were taking up a chase, these maddened Fhu-boo-loos—the most terrorizing and thrilling of all chases—a manhunt!

For sharp eyes had detected Kahanamoku as he ran toward the base of Eagle Crag; sharp wits had divined his purpose. Now, like hounds loosened from leash, they were in hot pursuit. Martella handed me her field glasses, and I could make out Kahanamoku, plainly enough, running swiftly along the first slopes which led to the lofty pinnacle. He was still well in the lead of the nearest pursuer; they seemed unable to gain on him.

"Oh, he will beat them to the nest!" Martella cried joyfully, pressing my arm. "They can't head him off now!"

"They can do that which will be equally bad for him," I answered.

"What do you mean?" she asked, tremulously.

"Shall I tell you?"

"Yes!"

"Well, even tho he beats them to the top of Eagle Crag, they will surround the base, then gradually work their way upward. How can he possibly escape them?"

She made no attempt to answer my query, but groaned in anguish.

"The Fhu-boo-loos are in a maddened frenzy," she said. "In such a state their one obsession is to kill and slay. They will tear Kahanamoku limb from limb——"

"They have reached the base of the crag," I broke in, looking thru the glasses.

"And—and the Hawaiian?"

"Is halfway to the summit!"

"Good!" Then, after a moment's anguish, "What is he doing now?"

"He has reached the nest! I can see the angry Magii birds circling around——"

"Yes!"

"He has climbed back down a little way from the nest——"

"And the savages?"

"He seems aware now, for the first time, that they have been on his trail, that they are almost on him!"

"What is he doing?"

"He is sitting down; he seems to be loading his big muzzle-loader, Black Dave——"

"And now——"

"Now he is getting ready to fire!" I answered. Then, putting the glasses quickly aside, I grabbed her arm and pulled her down into the bottom of the boat. "He is going to fire, Martella," I exclaimed, "and he is aiming straight at us!"

CHAPTER XIV.

THE RUBY OF ROO.

CRACK!" Black Dave barked out sharp and distinct.

We ducked still lower, as we heard a whistling thru the air over our heads. The missile, evidently, had struck fairly in the folds of the shaggy, flapping bear skin. We heard something rattle down upon the roof boards of Martella's cabin; but now our attention was again taken up with events over on Eagle Crag.

(Continued on Page 23.)

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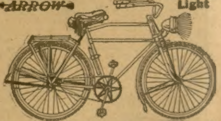
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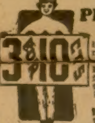
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The Candle's Choice

By Leon W. Dean

RISTON shook the iron bars of his window and hollered. Not that there was any particular cause for hollering at this particular time, but once in every two or three hours he climbed up to his little two-by-two outlook and hollered on general principles. He found it did him good. In truth, the closest intimacy for three weeks had totally failed to acclimate him to his surroundings, and life was becoming unbearably oppressive. Regularly, vigorously, and in very poor Spanish he had been so informing his jailer three times per day for the last fortnight, with the only apparent effect of reducing his popularity—and meals.

A Mexican woman plodded by on the opposite side of the road—street would be almost too dignified a term for the rutty, filthy thorofare of sun-baked mud. She was thickset and gaudily attired. Riston eyed her unfavorably, maliciously.

"Hi!" he shouted.

No recognition.

"Hi, you!"

She plodded on.

"Hi, d—n you, look up here! There, I reckon that'll fetch her," he soliloquized. "Always hate to swear at a lady, but——"

She paused, turned laboriously about and dropped back her head, shading her eyes from the bright afternoon sunlight.

"Come over here," he motioned.

She shook her head

"Git!" he yelled.

Obediently gathering up her skirts, she waddled out into the road, skirmished with a rut, hopped over, and continued on toward the window. Screwing his head about sidewise and cocking one eye, Riston watched her until she had passed from sight under the shadow of the wall.

"Down there?" he called out presently.

"Si, senor."

"All right, stay there. Don't move," he cautioned.

His eye, searching desperately thru [illegible] old earthen jar which had been placed in one corner beneath a leak in the roof. It was the work of a moment to scramble down and back.

"All ready?"

"Si, senor."

"Then drown, you old fakir!"

The water swished thru the iron grating, and he heard its swash as it struck the ground below. He waited, one ear jammed anxiously thru the bars, a seraphic smile on his lips.

Silence. Then a shriek and tornado of Spanish oaths. Another shriek and more oaths, higher, shriller, comprising the whole genealogy of Mexican sainthood.

"Shouldn't be surprised if I hit her," he mused. "Hate to hear a lady use strong language, tho."

A crowd began to gather. He could see them popping in and out and scurrying excitedly across the street. Some one glanced up and saw him. He dropped quickly out of sight.

The door opened. His hand fell helplessly to his empty hip. A file of soldiers stood in the corridor. A man was pitched roughly into the room. The door closed. The soldiers withdrew. He breathed easier.

Down the side of the man's face was a long gash, the lobe of one ear was torn away.

"Got you," said Riston.

"Got me bad," acquiesced the other.

"I didn't think we'd meet again—in this way."

"No. How unfortunate!"

The newcomer crossed over and sat down on the stool beneath the window. The soldiers had quieted the cries of the woman outside.

Neither seemed to care to resume the conversation. After a time the newcomer began carefully to work one shoulder out of his shirt.

"Wish you hadn't thrown away that water," he remarked.

"So do I. Where'd that happen?"

"Just over the line; two weeks ago. They've had me in the mountains ever since. It isn't half healed yet. Look, it's bleeding again. I tried to make the border today and they got me. And you?"

"Oh, just resting up a bit. Been down here about three weeks. Gun went off at the wrong time. You'll find it a blamed poor hotel. Nothing plentiful but bugs. Recommend 'em to your consideration."

Silence again—prolonged. The day waned. Softly, timorously the rich Southern darkness came stealing in from the hills. The jailer brought food and a jar of water.

The newcomer bathed his face and shoulder. The food they divided equally. It grew darker. They could hear the guard pacing by outside. The scraggly town was rubbing its eyes and making ready for the activities of the night. Over in the encampment some one struck up a banjo ditty. Its notes, mellowed by the distance, floated softly in thru the open window. Gradually the tension passed. Both men were gazing up at the little patch of starlight visible thru the iron grating.

"Fred." It was Riston speaking.

"Yes, Tom."

"Do you remember that night on the river—the contraband and that damnable eddy with the sheriffs at our back? You saved me to be eaten alive by bugs."

"Thanks, and don't mention it. How about that Greaser who had my gun hammer soaped at Rio when he knew I was going to bust into his little game? While thanks are being said, why didn't you let him alone? Wanted to save me for the vermin, too, I suppose?"

"Nothing like 'em to put a man out proper."

"True. I've met up with 'em before. Don't they give you a gas plant or anything to make light with among the other accommodations of this place?"

"Oh, yes, sure—tallow candle. I lighted it one night and stuck it up there on the window-sill."

"Well?"

"Some one from the camp got gay and shot it out. Huge sport. Whole crew saw the joke. Haven't been able to light it since without becoming the most popular Yank this side the Rio Grande. Playful chaps, these Mexicans. Remarkable sense of humor."

"Hit pretty frequent, do th

"Blame frequent. Bullets carom round the room like billiard balls."

Duncan lapsed into thought. Presently he rose and began pacing rapidly to and fro. The other watched him. Once he stopped, seemed about to speak, and started on. The tension had returned

"Tom."

"Yes."

"Have—have you heard from her [illegible]"

The tension tightened.

"Not since we left her."

"Do you remember?"

"I remember that we swore to kill each other on sight."

"'She liked us both and couldn't make any choice,' that was what she said, wasn't it?"

"Yes."

"Then why don't you put me out just as you swore you would?"

"Because you're half gone already, that's why. I'll wait till you're a man again."

"Do that and I'll be the one to get you."

"Say, look here, what you driving at? You want to fight now with a slug in your shoulder and the face of a corpse? Two weeks in the mountains. Lots of grub you got in those two weeks. You think I'm going back to her after finishing off a dead man? When we break, we break even, and devil take the unlucky—she'll get the other."

"That's right, Tom, we always aimed to play fair. Light the candle."

"What?"

"Light the candle; here's the dice. The man who loses goes to the window."

From the camp came sounds of boisterous laughter. The player had put away his instrument. The night was at its height.

"You mean we'll shake for her and the one who loses—dies?"

"You get me."

"You always were a fiend for devices, Fred."

Tom's hand shook as he struck a match and sought the candle. Nor was he ashamed. Together they crouched over the flame and cupped the dice in their hands.

"Here's to her; I'm first," said Tom.

"No, this is my game; I'm first." The dice rolled out on the floor.

Two sixes and a three.

Slowly the other shook the little ivory cubes up and down, back and forth, in his palms. Across the candlelight the two men looked into each other's faces. They had not expected to die this way.

He paused—each bent forward—and opened his hand.

Three aces.

Duncan licked his dry lips. "You win," he said.

Picking up the candle, he walked steadily toward the window. Halfway, he turned.

"Good-by, pal. Think of me when the wind's a-whispering on the lone prairie—and give my love to her."

Riston, crouched immovable beside the scattered dice, saw him reach up and place the candle on the window-sill, then clamber up behind it, his head and shoulders on a level with the flame.

A moment later the noise at the camp grew noticeably less. Riston shuddered. It seemed like murd

A shot rang out, startlingly clear, and a few crumbs of mortar tumbled down upon the window ledge. The man inside whitened.

Three—four more joined in quick succession. Soon a leaden fusillade was pattering on the adobe walls outside, bullets flattened against the iron bars, or glanced menacingly into the room, humming from wall to wall.

A welt of red appeared on Duncan's cheek. Once he winced. A bullet had caught him somewhere in the chest. They were getting the distance now. A furrow ripped along the top of his scalp, another laid open the bone of his jaw. His time was almost up. The moon shone thru, casting a latticed shadow across his face.

"'By, Tom, I'm going—don't forget," he said.

He was sagging as he spoke. Bright blood began to bubble on his lips. He clutched heavily at the bars, hung for a moment, and sprawled helplessly down the wall. Riston caught him as he fell. He was dead

Gently he laid him down, kneeling beside him. Memories came. They had been comrades, these, and Duncan had died true. The candle burned neglected.

A bullet nipped an iron bar and [illegible] Riston put his hand to his [illegible] drew it away. It was covered with blood. He gazed at it, vaguely curious. His eyes grew hazy. He coughed and tried to rally, but sank prone beside Duncan.

The candle sputtered and went out.

* * *

In Utopia.

"[illegible]," said the Book [illegible] ring the Busy Man's office.

"[illegible]," said the Busy Man. "Have [illegible] se. Shan't keep you long."

"[illegible] can come some other day, if you prefer," said the Book Agent, edging toward the door.

"No, no!" cried the Busy Man. "I want to see if you can sell me a set of Dickeray."

"I suppose I could," replied the Book Agent, dubiously, "but I don't believe a busy man like you will ever have time to read it. Why don't you wait until you have retired from business life and then decide whether you are still interested?"

"I shall make the time to read it," insisted the Busy Man

"Rather a false notion, that, about it being necessary for a man to read standard works," said the Book Agent. "Life can be complete without studing one's self."

"I must have it," said the Busy Man, sharply. "I want something nice in crushed levant, with gold tops and all that; a limited edition de luxe, if you have it."

"Of course we have it," said the Book Agent gravely; "but don't you think a plain edition in cloth would suit your purpose just as well?"

"I know what I want!" cried the Busy Man.

"Won't it be somewhat of a drain on your purse?" suggested the Book Agent. "This paying for books, month after month, becomes monotonous. A man may think it a trifle at the start, but after the first six months it gets on his nerves. Why not go to a regular store and buy your set of Dickeray in cloth at a cash price about one-sixth of what I can offer you?"

"Oh, all right!" growled the Busy Man. "Have it your own way. But I'm very sorry to have taken up your time."

"Oh, that's nothing," said the Book Agent. "Some day you may have a real need of something in my line, and then I'll be glad to sell it to you. Good morning!

* * *

Diplomacy.

"Papa," inquired a young hopeful of some seven summers, as he looked up from a book he was reading, "there's a word here which puzzles me—diplomacy?"

"Diplomacy, my son," and the old man smiled paternally as he said it, "means this: Doing or saying precisely the right thing at precisely the right time."

"Ah!" retorted the young hopeful, "then I guess I exercised diplomacy last night."

"How, my boy?" inquired the fond parent.

"Why, I rolled Johnny over into my place just before ma came in with the castor oil, and then back again [illegible] fore she came to [illegible]

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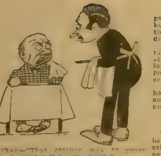


Diner—"That chicken was 20 years old. I could tell by the teeth."
Waiter—"But sir, a chicken has no teeth."
Diner—"No, but I have!"

Pride in the Daily Task.

A [illegible] the perfect [illegible] in the work [illegible]

Two [illegible] seated [illegible] a curbstone, were discussing a comrade who had died the day before.

"[illegible] a good sweeper," said one.

"Y-e-s," conceded the other thoughtfully. "But—don't you think he was a little weak [illegible] lamp-posts?"

Condensed.

Not long ago the editor of an English paper ordered a story of a certain length, but when the story arrived he discovered that the author had written several hundred words too many.

The paper was already late in going to [illegible] the story must be [illegible] the allotted space. Therefore the last few paragraphs were cut down to a single sentence. It reads thus:

"The Earl took a Scotch high-ball, his hat, his departure, no notice of his pursuers, a revolver out of his hip pocket, and, finally, his life."

Not Untruthful.

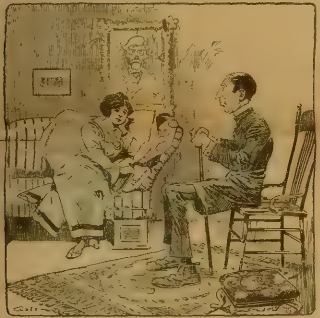
"Miss Brown told me that you paid her such a charming compliment the other evening," said Mrs. Coddington to her husband, "something about her being pretty. The poor girl was so pleased. I don't see how you men can be so untruthful."

"I should think you'd know by this time that I'm never untruthful," said Mr. Coddington, reproachfully. "I said she was just as pretty as she could be, and so she was."

Touching Extracts From a Butcher Shop.

Butcher—"Come, John, be lively now; [illegible] the bones in Mr. Harris's chops and put Mr. Smith's ribs in the basket for him."

John—"All right, sir, just as soon as I have sawed off Mr. Murphy's leg."



The Rev. Sherbird—"I had such a curious dream last night. I dreamt I was in the Garden of Eden."

Miss Kensington—[illegible]

The Rev. [illegible]

Incurable

[illegible]

"How so," asked the neighbor.

"W-a-a-l, he's pasted nigh onto ten thousand medical recipes into a book durin' the last forty years an' he ain't had a sick day yet."

Misleading.

[illegible] bachelor had been [illegible] call [illegible] was shown the new baby. The next day some friends asked him to describe the new arrival. The bachelor replied: 'Um—very small features, clean-shaven, red-faced and a very hard drinker.'

DISMAL VIEW.

Some say this world's getting better
Spite of all its woe and war.
Maybe so,
I dunno;
Depends on what you're lookin' for.

Airships [illegible] the heavens
[illegible] and telephones
As for me
I can't see
How they help my flesh and bones.

Telegrafts is fine, I grant you;
Motor cars that snort and wheeze
May be great;
Beg to state
When I ketch a cold, I sneeze!

Man has sought inventions many,
Revels in his pride and gold,
That's all right,
But he [illegible]
Try to keep from growin' old!

At machines man is a dandy;
Makin' them to him is play,
But old age
Holds the stage
And folks die the same old way!

Keeping It Dark.

All the passengers in the railway carriage, with one exception, wore some form of [illegible] badge. A stranger [illegible] was undecorated. A fussy badge-wearer remarked:

"I see, sir, that you are the [illegible] not engaged in some form of war work."

"I prefer to be quite unostentatious about what I do."

"What is your war work?" continued the inquisitive one.

"[illegible] a German spy, and I do not care to make my occupation too public."

A Soft Answer.

The ocean liner was rolling like a chip, but as usual in such instances one passenger was aggressively, disgustingly healthy.

"Sick, eh?" he remarked to a pale-green person who was leaning on the rail.

The pale-green person regarded the healthy one with all the scorn he could muster. "Sick nothing!" he snorted [illegible] "I'm just hanging over the front of the [illegible] to see how the captain [illegible] it."

He Couldn't Tell.

Two farmers met in a certain town a day or two ago after a cyclone had visited that particular neighborhood.

"She shook things up pretty bad out at my place," said one, stroking his whiskers meditatively.

"By the way, Hi," he added, "that new barn o' yourn get hurt any?"

"Well," drawled the other, "I dunno, I haven't found it yet."

The Scheme Never Works.

At one of those large affairs in a studio [illegible] asked for an introduction to the woman in pink.

"Why, certainly, I'd introduce you to her in a moment, but I can't remember her name."

"Her name is Miss Smythe."

"Come along then. Er—by the way, what's your name?"

He Was Quite Right.

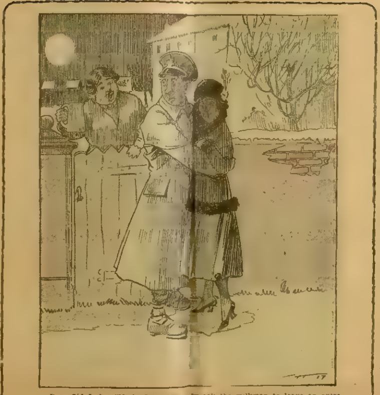
"Now," said the professor of chemistry, "under what [illegible] good most [illegible]"

The student pondered a moment. "I know, sir," he answered. "Marriage."

A Woman's Way.

Jack—"How did you come to get interested in that novel you are reading?"

Marie—"I liked the way it ended."



Dear Old Lady—"Might I trouble [illegible] ask the milkman to leave an extra pint when he comes around in the mor[illegible]"

OF LITTLE FAITH.

Old Jim Budd's [illegible]
It's a mighty slimsy day
When old Jim don't up an' have his
Reg'lar prophesyin' say
'Bout what's goin' to be tomorrow;
And he never fails, says he,
And he always knows the kind of
Winter it is goin' to be.

He can take a goose's breastbone
And make out to tell by that,
Or he'll go and study corn shucks
And foretell the winter, pat,
Or by three days in September
He can gauge the winter days;
Well, in fact, he gets its number
In a dozen different ways.

Now, Jim's got the mildest winter
Comin' on the road for us;
He says there ain't any reason
Over coal and clothes to fuss;
But, by jing, this very mornin'
I saw Jim a-buyin' coal,
Six good ton, and then o' woolens
He laid in a monstrous roll!

His Voice Not Needed.

"I expect to raise my voice for our friend at the convention," remarked the willing worker.

"Don't bother," rejoined Senator Sorghum; "raise funds."

Inconsiderate Biddies.

"Are your hens laying?"

"Yes; laying off."

Patri[illegible]

"How [illegible] some [illegible] immig[illegible] as-simil[illegible] our ideas [illegible] methods'" [illegible] in- [illegible] asked [illegible] bar-ber [illegible] was "going [illegible] to fight and [illegible] said he wasn't [illegible] that he had paired with [illegible] Aus-tr[illegible] next block."

Tit for Tat.

"Aw," said the Englishman, "it must be most unpleasant for you Americans to be governed by persons [illegible] you [illegible]"

"[illegible] are so," said the American girl, "than for you to be [illegible] by [illegible] who [illegible] ask you to dinner."

ENCHANTRESS.

A [illegible] to Sally,
So buxom and so brown,
A belle of Rural Valley,
She seldom comes to town,
But even town beaux love her;
They woo her, every one,
And swear by stars above her
They must have Sally Lunn!

A lady fair is Charlotte,
Of alien descent,
Hers is indeed a star lot,
Her presence oft is lent
To feasts aristocratic,
Where, when their tongues are loose,
Men pledge in toasts erratic
The dainty Charlotte Russe!

A dangerous designer
Is Ethyl, fair and frail,
To every careless diner
Of the persuasion male.
For her they lose their reason,
They falter and then fall,
Both in and out of season
For Ethyl Alcohol!

Just Like a Goat.

Automobile Enthusiast—"That car of mine climbs hills like a mountain goat."

Cynic—"Yes, I've often noticed how it skips."

"Dead as a Doornail."

Fearful—"Doctor, is it true that people are occasionally buried alive?"

Dr. Diggs—"It never happens to my patients!"

TO MARY ELLEN.

Mary Ellen, Mary Ellen!
When you wash and dry the dishes
You are frugal with the water
And the soap—but how one wishes
You were spendthrift, and exerted
More strength in the operation!
Mary Ellen [illegible]
Throw [illegible]!

Mary Ellen, in the corners
You will sweep not, maiden trusty,
And our beds are full of wrinkles,
And the bric-a-brac is dusty,
Mary Ellen, be not grumpy,
Life is not all beer and skittles,
But you need not blame us for it
And proceed to scorch our "vittles."

Say, what ails you, Mary Ellen,
Once our pride and chiefest [illegible]
Do you fear not getting fired?
Do you dream of idle pleasure?
What? You are engaged to marry?
Ah, your lover is a deep one!
Marrying the hired [illegible]
Is the only way to keep one!

Going Up.

Traveler—"I [illegible] people so proud about [illegible] Last time I came here everybody was very friendly [illegible] I can hardly get a person to speak."

Uncle Eben—"You'll pardon us, but it's our town pride. You see, Joe Summers picked up a guidebook that fell out of a motor-car last week, and we found that the old tannery swamp is a mountain [illegible] Smith's stone [illegible] precipice, Bill Moodier's beer house a wayside inn, and the whole country chock full of historical antidotes and delusions."

A Just Complaint.

Stout, Red-faced Lady—"Do you mean to say you won't give me my money back for this book just because I have read it? You know you advertise that it is your aim to have only satisfied customers."

"Yes, madam, but what is the matter? Is the print imperfect, or anything like that?"

"No."

"Then why are you not satisfied with the novel?"

"Why, I don't like the way it ends."

Making It Fit.

"Did you hear about the defacement of Mr. Skinner's tombstone?" asked Mr. Brown a few days after the funeral of that eminent captain of industry.

"No, what was it?" inquired his neighbor curiously.

"Some one added the word 'friends' to the epitaph."

"What was the epitaph?"

"'He did his best.'"

Joy of Eating.

A well-known banker in a downtown restaurant was eating mush and milk.

"What's the matter?" inquired a friend.

"Got dyspepsia."

"Don't you enjoy [illegible]?"

"Enjoy my meals?" snorted the indignant dyspeptic. "My meals are merely guide-posts to take medicine before or after."

Making It Worse.

"Wait a moment, lady; wait until the car stops."

"Will you please not address me as lady, sir?" she said, sharply.

"I beg your pardon, madam," said the conductor. [illegible] make to take."

He Was Married.

"Yes, sir, one hour's uninterrupted reading each evening would make you—"

(Interrupted) "Where do you think my wife spends her evenings?"

Not a Native

A New York man took a run not long ago into Connecticut, to a town where he had lived as a boy.

On his native heath he accosted a venerable old chap of some eighty years, who proved to be the very person the [illegible] inquiries concerning the place. As the conversation proceeded the New Yorker said:

"I suppose you have always lived around here?"

"No," said the old man, "I was born two good miles from here."

Where, Indeed?

"Children," said the Sunday school superintendent, "this picture illustrates today's lesson: Lot was warned to take his wife and daughters and flee out of Sodom. Here are Lot and his daughters, with his wife just behind them; [illegible] Now, has any girl or boy a question before we take up the study of the lesson? Well, Susie?"

"Pleathe, thir," lisped the latest graduate from the infant class, "where ith the flea?"

Resourceful.

"Here you are, sir!" cried the hawker [illegible] bouquet. "Buy some beautiful flowers for your sweetheart?"

"Nothing doing," responded the young [illegible] "I haven't got a sweetheart."

"I see," [illegible] the hawker. "Buy some flowers for your wife?"

"Wrong again! I am not married."

"Well, then, guv'nor," exclaimed the resourceful hawker, "buy the lot to celebrate your luck!"

His Turn Next.

Driver—"See here, where are those oysters I ordered on the half shell?"

Waiter—"Don't get impatient, sah. We're dreffle short on shells, but you're next, sah."

Mistress—"Lucille!"

[illegible]

[illegible] and see if any person is using the ocean. If not, I may bathe'"

Smarty!

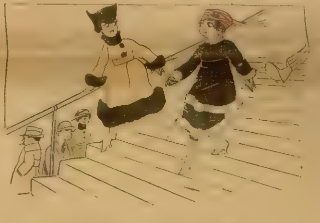
[illegible] shows, on the novelist's part, an ignorance of his trade which reminds me [illegible] land village I entered the main-street department store one afternoon and said [illegible] Lamb.'" 'Postoffice right across the street, Mr. Lamb,' said the clerk, with a polite, brisk smile."

Bargain-counter Golf.

"Fore!" yelled the golfer ready [illegible] But the woman on the course paid no attention.

"Fore!" he shouted again with [illegible] effect.

"Ah," suggested his opponent in disgust, "try her once with 'three ninety-eight.'"



Ella—"Jack can only pay his creditors fifty cents on a dollar!"

Pauline—"Then he is practically ruined!"

[illegible]

Taking Long Chances.

Two college students were arraigned before the magistrate charged with [illegible]

[illegible] istrate.

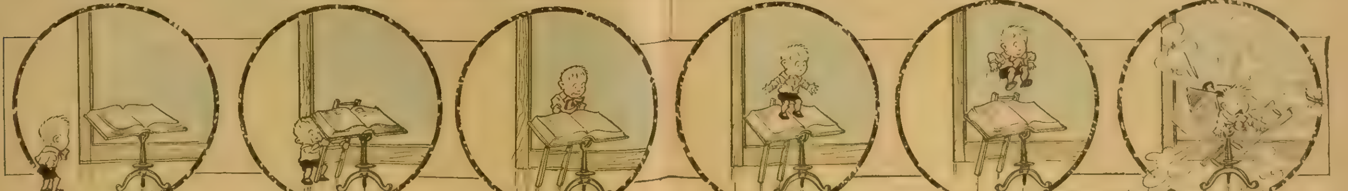
"We're not going to have any lawyer," answered the elder of the students. "We've decided to tell the truth."

Advice to Mabel.

A London man just back from the States says that a little girl on the train [illegible] back into her mouth again.

"Mabel!" said her mother in a [illegible] fied whisper. "Mabel, don't [illegible] Chew your gum like a little lady."

BOBBY'S SWIFT TOBOGGAN



Red Wolf's Daughter

Or, The Bush Exile

By William H. Manning

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CHAPTER XIII.

THE STORM-DRIVEN BOAT.

MAC NEILL faced his enemies unwaveringly, but his attention was on Thackley Haugh only. It seemed that the White Whelp was at last ready to press his hostility, but the Scot was not shaken by the fact.

"Why should I surrender?" he asked calmly.

"Because you have assaulted one of my party."

"It was I," cried Adolph. "I demand satisfaction."

"Be still!" ordered Haugh, and it was the same harsh voice that had once sounded at Kashabolwe. "MacNeill, we will not tolerate your meddling with us and taking June Daignault away."

"I know nothing about that girl."

"I saw you!" exclaimed Adolph. "You hit me with the club and knocked me down, and then hurried her out of sight."

"With a reliable man ready to swear to that, will you persist in denial?" the White Whelp asked.

"I have not heard the reliable man speak, nor have I taken her away."

"Why did you leave the fort and dog [illegible]?"

"[illegible]," the Scot returned, "be so good as to [illegible] of a gentleman."

"You try to talk me from the subject."

[illegible]

Just then the Red Wolf stepped from behind a tree, his expression that of one who was enjoying himself.

"You two fellows don't know how to quarrel!" he cried loudly. "Why don't you put some life and fire into it, instead of imitating zero weather?"

Veitch stroked his red beard and surveyed the younger men as if he had found two anomalies of the woods. MacNeill, whose ice lay beneath sunny skies, smiled quietly and awaited developments.

"Haugh," the factor added, "I have overheard all. If Mr. MacNeill says he is not guilty that settles it. His word is not to be disputed, for it is trustworthy. But, MacNeill, if you can explain a bit——"

"Willingly, sir. I left Outland House because I wanted to have a share in the forest expedition, and intentionally joined you here. As for the clubbing, perhaps Adolph saw me by the glade, for I was there, but I was not soon enough to find Julie, nor did I assault anybody. I had no club. I did not take the girl away, nor do I know where she is."

"Perfectly satisfactory," declared the Red Wolf, "but it beats the mischief who clubbed Adolph and took Julie from us. MacNeill, I shall be glad to have you keep in our company. As for the missing minx, I gave shelter at the fort to her and her mother, but the girl has become a thief, and she shall pay for it. I'll fix her, I will!" and the old, familiar roar was in his voice.

The Scot noticed that nothing was said about Michel Daignault, but he asked no questions.

"I shall be glad to bear you company," he returned.

"Good, my boy! That smoothes over all rough places."

Perhaps he thought it did, but the rover did not forget that he and Enee had been fired upon by the river, nor the red stain in the canoe, the absence of Daignault and the behavior of the White Whelp and his chosen helpers. The forest was a good place to settle grudges, but he did not shrink from his enemies.

Thackley Haugh stood silent, outwardly showing no resentment.

While they had talked the rain was always falling, and the treetops writhed under the unkindly touch of the wind. Bad weather was growing worse, and capable judges looked for further increase.

Veitch was thinking deeply, but his expression suddenly changed and its faraway cast disappeared as he stared blankly ahead. Joan was walking toward the group.

She came with her usual light step and an air of confidence, but the factor frowned and did not speak. His daughter smiled brightly and, pausing, shook a reproving finger at him

"Now, Father Veitch," she exclaimed, "you are to be taken to task. You ran away from me. At your age, too! What an example you set your innocent child!"

"Girl, why are you here, in this downpour?" he demanded with severity.

"I don't know. Do you? You came first. Now, why are we here?" and her smile grew as she nodded her head coquettishly.

"[illegible] I have business that doesn't concern you."

"Hunting Julie?"

"That will do. You must go back this instant."

"Give me time. It may need a whole lot, for I'm not going. I don't like Julie, and if she has stolen from you she needs punishment—when found! As to that, dear old innocent, let me lay down a rule for you—set a woman to catch a woman!"

The Red Wolf had been looking a little less angry, and he condescended to chuckle at the final words.

"But, nimble-tongue, the rain falls, and our business——"

"Is yours, and being yours, is mine, too. Let me stay, and prove yourself a second Solomon for wisdom."

"Bah, bah! Empty words for bribes. Stay? Great idea! Nonsense!"

The factor growled rumblingly, but he was near to surrender, and in a few minutes he had given her permission to remain. Being questioned, she explained how she had found him in the woods.

"My first clew was from Rotah—I do just hate that woman—so I came in my canoe, but I should have missed you if I hadn't seen Pierre Nantel back a ways. I loosened his tongue, and, at the end, your own gentle voice led me on."

When Veitch ordered renewal of the search for Julie, his daughter, who had been giving MacNeill sly glances, went to the Scot's side.

"Is there no chance for you to get out of this rain?" he asked anxiously.

"I hope not," she returned lightly. "I'm not a weakling and need not do so. Still, Father Veitch has mentioned a shack of pine boughs over yonder. Rain has no terrors for me. As for other dangers, are you not here to protect me?"

"Decidedly so."

"Comrade, I knew it! You and I understand each other."

She pressed his arm gently and smiled upon him knowingly.

"Don't let anybody else suspect how we feel toward each other!" she whispered, and then glided away with tripping feet.

MacNeill looked after her in deep discontent, for her constant return to what seemed to be a haunting idea worried him, but the arrival of Enee Barbeau interrupted his gloomy thoughts.

"Frere," he said, "the White Whelp has manfully gone to hunt a woman with the others, but beware of him. I don't like the way he looks at you."

The Scot checked an irritable reply with difficulty. Between too much affection from Joan and too little from Haugh he felt besieged. Controlling his vexation he brought himself down to business.

"We'll try to look out for Haugh. Now, as to Julie. I want to find her before Veitch does. Have you anything to suggest?"

The bushranger had an idea, and he advised that they look farther to the north, so they went accordingly. The Red Wolf and his men were heard as they went, but Enee avoided them skilfully. They neared the lake, and learned for the first time the force of the wind and driving rain. Trees bent and lamented as they were lashed, and some branches fell.

Presently the water lay before them, beaten, upheaved and foam-crested, and the coureur dashed the rain from his eyes impatiently.

"Pardieu!" he cried. "I've seldom seen Strellnackie more furious and boiling. The wind hits it just right to tumble it all over."

"If this keeps up we may find trees falling around us."

"That may happen at any time. We have giants around us, pines fit to rank as lords of the woods, but even they are not proof against a mightier power. See them twist! Aye, and see the water up beyond us. It leaps upward into spray almost like snow——"

Enee fell silent, clung to a sapling, again cleared his eyes and suddenly pointed.

"MacNeill, look yonder!" he cried loudly.

"What!" replied the Scot, astonished. "A boat on the lake?"

"Aye, and being tossed wildly. The boatmen fight hard, but only a miracle will bring them to land alive. If they overturn they die! They struggle like expert hands, but—see, see! a woman is with them!"

MacNeill said nothing, but in the buffeted boat he could discern flimsy garments fluttering in the cloud of spray. A woman shared the perils of her companions on the lake.

"I know them!" suddenly shouted Enee. "Parbleu, Elias Gilchrist and his daughter Marjorie are there. Mon Dieu, I fear they ride to their death!"

CHAPTER XIV.

THE WRECK.

DISMAYED, the rover stood silent. He knew the keenness of Enee Barbeau's eyes and did not think of disputing his announcement. More than that, with the bushranger's words to guide him, he believed his own judgment led along the same line. Gilchrist and Marjorie were there, and the young man found his usual alertness of action wholly lacking.

The boat was a speck, but one that responded to each motion of the water with fear-inspiring readiness. It was the plaything of the storm. The wind tore down Strellhackle, white-capped waves rolled, and in this region of violence the craft and its occupants rode precariously.

"Voila!" cried Enee. "Those men know their business. Skill and they eat at one table, and they are as cool as if only breasting a rapids. See, see!—the boat tips—but they save her. Long life to them!"

It did the swarthy watcher good to witness such a gallant fight, and grim as he generally was, he waved a hand in a kind of ecstasy. With novices at the oars the boat would have overturned fully, but now the blades were plied by four voyageurs of long experience, and blood of Frenchman and of Cree Indian gave them cunning and firm heart. Thus far, they were masters of the roaring flood.

Yet even Enee Barbeau admitted that their chances for safely reaching land were poor. The boat was coming nearer, and MacNeill thrilled with pride for his native land as he saw that the oarsmen were not the only fearless persons there. Gilchrist and his daughter sat with interlocked arms, the one a towering figure with long white hair, the other a tall, slight girl, but as they clung to the boat they looked at the threatening shore with firmness. A third passenger was there, too, but he was hardly noticed by the watchers. Suddenly the Scot stirred into activity.

"Enee," he cried, "what can we do for them?"

"Nothing, at this time."

"If we had a boat here——"

"Could we put forth against this wind? Impossible!"

"You are right, but it's maddening to

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stand idle and see them fight alone. But, I say, you are right. All the drive of the water is this way, and I can see that if we launched a boat it would be flung back like a feather. But it's hard, hard!"

MacNeill was thinking of Marjorie.

"Mon frere," the bushranger added, drawing back, "there will be work for us when they come to land. The boat will never get that far. Take notice that yonder long line of bushes, usually on dry soil, are now in deep water that is flung ashore by the wind. When the craft strikes those bushes it will overturn, hang there a while, and then be pounded to pieces. What about the human beings then?"

The Scot made a hopeless gesture.

"They will be cast out at the first of the bushes," proceeded the coureur, deliberately, "and then it will be a fight to reach land, a fight against waves and entangling brush, a bad combination. The voyageurs may live thru it, but the others—not they, unless they have help."

MacNeill grasped Enee's arm in a painful grip.

"I understand!" he replied. "There is work for you and me. Plan for both of us. Tell me what to do."

The rover had time, in spite of the emergency, to give heed to the look of his comrade then. Enee's eyes seemed almost to have disappeared under bent brows, his face was rigid, and his mouth was a straight line that told of indomitable purpose. Even his sudden quietude was indicative of readiness for great deeds.

"Come!" he said briefly.

Beset by the elements they moved farther east, finally pausing in the exact path of the oncoming boat. At that point, the bushranger knew, wreck would come, and he surveyed the submerged bushes and thought deeply for a while. Then he wheeled upon his companion, analyzing his expression critic[illegible] A short nod marked the st[illegible].

"[illegible]ood, good!" Then he felt of MacNeill's muscular arm. "Again, good!" he added. "Now, frere, be this your work. When they go to wreck, save the girl. My duty lies with Gilchrist, the man I have served so many years. But the girl, brother—hein?"

"She lives or I die!" was the Scot's terse reply.

"You may lose your life trying."

"Then let it go."

"Mark you one thing, frere. The bushes bend and twist, and besides their visible [illegible]ts they will have small side-shoots [illegible] Th[illegible] [illegible]

[illegible]

"Yes [illegible] beware the bushes! Now, follow!"

They waded into the water, holding fast to the bushes, and were in the beating flood. Waves pounded against them, and even then the invisible parts of the willows snarled their feet, but there was no hesitation. Their composure was wonderful. From under a black crown looked one pair of eyes, and from under sunny hair looked another, but both faces were grim and determined. Enee waved a friendly hand.

"Voila!" he shouted, "we are here. We wait. A little longer, brothers!"

In the whirl of the spray he was, perhaps, unseen, and certainly his voice did not carry to the craft, but out there the men of his own blood struggled stubbornly, fighting the fight of sons of the heroic Frenchman and unfearing Cree Indian.

Once Enee turned to his comrade with a final word, and then the unavoidable came. The boat was water lifted. It sank, was again lifted and then flung against the bushes. It went over in a twinkling and its occupants were flung into the tangled flood.

MacNeill was ready, his gaze fixed upon Marjorie, his eyes gleaming and his hands eager. He caught her as she was cast forward, held tight, and turned toward the land.

It was a fight to be remembered. Water beat upon him, surged and boiled, and always hidden bushes caught at his feet and clung hard, but his strength did not fail and his stout Scotch heart was unshaken. Holding to his burden he toiled on, spray-blinded at times, but true to his dominating purpose.

Presently he gained land, staggered clear of danger, and was fully ashore. Marjorie was with him, bright-eyed in spite of the conditions, but as she looked at him she did not forget another person.

"My father!" she exclaimed.

MacNeill turned, but was not needed. Toward them came a black head of [illegible] and a wiry body, and more than that Enee Barbeau had his old master on his back, and he joined the earlier comers. The voyageurs were gaining safety by their own efforts, and, tho their boat was pounding to pie[illegible] out of their reach, every man was safe.

There were confused greetings little recalled later, but when calmness was restored MacNeill and Enee stood with Gilchrist, Marjorie, Reuben Masson and the fo[illegible] voyageurs.

"I w[illegible] t[illegible]ing the northern part of my district," Gilchrist simply explained, "and [illegible]ing to reach shelter by crossing an arm of the lake, we were borne to its center by the gale. The folly was wholly my own, for my men advised against it, but I was eager to get to cover."

The next step was plain. Fuel was gathered, a rocky nook supplying enough that was dry f[illegible] a foundation, and all sat down by a sputtering fire. Wet and bruised as they were, cheerfulness prevailed, for life was still with them, and the voyageurs laughed and jested merrily. To risk everything had been their experience for years, and success salved all minor hurts.

MacNeill and Marjorie often looked at each other, but only commonplace words were spoken. The Scot intended [illegible] they should continue commonplace. W[illegible] he not a penniless adventurer?

If—he gave some thought to that small word that was so large in the affairs of life. If, it might be, he had not worn out the patience of the Laird of Glenlynn in days of gayety, he would never have left Scotland. If Jamie Lovat had not robbed him in Montreal he would, perhaps, with the five hundred pounds for a nest-egg, have found a place to take root in that city.

But all these things mattered nothing—he had come to Rupert's Land, had seen Marjorie, and knew what he thought of her, but she was a rich chief factor's daughter and he was a penniless wanderer. He could admire her at a distance, and that was all.

Presently Enee Barbeau came to the rover.

"MacNeill," he said, "is not the Red Wolf an enemy of Elias Gilchrist? He has more men than we. Suppose he [illegible]kes open war on the chief factor?"

"He is Gilchrist's foe, but I don't know [illegible]

[illegible] plan accordingly."

"Right! We will go. Lead on!"

Making suitable excuses they started on their errand, soon separating. MacNeill carried worry with him. In the past there had been no serious clash between the two officers of the fur company, but he was certain John Veitch would persist in his demand for Marjorie as his wife, and the forest was a fit place for violence. If possible, the men must be kept from meeting.

It was a troublesome search, for rain had formed inland streams, ponds and arms where no water had been before, impeding progress, and the Scot was despairing of success when he again ran upon Enee.

"I've found no human being," MacNeill reported.

"Nor," Enee returned, "have I seen Veitch or any of his men. But, comrade, I've seen somebody else. I stumbled full upon the man with the club."

"Did you speak with him?" asked the rover, mildly interested.

"Did I? Parbleu! I spoke, but what did he do but cry out one or two words to me in his heathenish language and immediately run away? Crazy he surely [illegible]"

"We need not care about him. Pass him by."

Worry for Gilchrist's safety was deeper than ever, and they hastened back to camp. First view of it gave them a severe shock. Gilchrist and Veitch sat together by the fire.

CHAPTER XV

THE TORCH-BEARERS.

THE scouts were surprised, and the more so when, standing idle and watching, they saw that the two officers were talking with outward amicability, and if Gilchrist was dignified where Veitch was jovial and boisterous, it was only the usual manner of the two.

Remembering that, in spite of the Red Wolf's demand upon his superior for Marjorie as his wife, they had never quarreled, MacNeill finally silently admitted that their way of meeting was natural, but Enee frowned and was worried.

"Forward!" he urged. "Be ready to fight, but remain sweet as tree-honey until the rupture comes. Yes, for the Wolf will overwhelm us if a fight really comes. Forward!"

They went to the fire.

"Ha!" shouted Veitch, heartily, "so here is another son of the storm. MacNeill, you know Mr. Gilchrist, for you came to Outland House from Fort Lanark. Well, here is my superior officer, and here am I, and here are you. Well met, like so many prime beavers. All Scotchmen, we, and no blood is better!"

His voice boomed and he seemed to be in great good humor, but Gilchrist gave MacNeill a warning look as he made suitable reply. The bush exile was between the man who had sent him to purloin certain documents and the man from whom they were to be taken, but he rose to the occasion and took part in conversation composedly.

On the other side of the fire Marjorie [illegible] Joan talked by themselves. MacNeill saw that they were moderately sociable without being cordial, and sometimes Marjorie forgot herself and be[illegible]came cold, tho mirth now and then rippled thru Joan's overdone politeness.

Meanwhile, she cast frequent glances at the Scot. This worried him. The [illegible] seemed to say there w[illegible] understanding between them [illegible] grew disagreeably warm u[illegible] garments. What would Marj[illegible] And since he dared not make love to her in his poverty, he could not set himself right with her. Joan, [illegible] friend, was then a thorn in his [illegible]

He soon had another experience. When the two officers had briefly separated, after talking a while, Veitch spoke to the rover secretly.

"I will ask you not to tell Gilchrist I am here to find Julie. In fact, don't mention those papers stolen by her—not in any manner."

A few minutes later Gilchrist addressed MacNeill in an [illegible]

"Do not appear too friendly [illegible] Mr. MacNeill. It might lead [illegible] suspect I told you about [illegible]ments."

Two men and two women! Between the four of them the rover was beset.

Somewhat later Thackley Haugh and Peter Gadbois appeared. They reported that the whole party were virtually prisoners of the storm. Water had accumulated until the surrounding land was a temporary island of several hundred [illegible]cres. In all that space there was, as far [illegible]s they knew, neither boat nor canoe, and, consequently, no way of departure.

The White Whelp made further report to his factor secretly, b[illegible] Barbeau had a faculty for hearing [illegible]arly every[illegible] [illegible]d he soon came to the rove[illegible]

"[illegible]gh thinks Julie is hidden in a rough range over yonder."

"What proof did he offer?"

"[illegible]one, for he only suspects. Still, the

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[illegible] may be there if she has not drowned in the flood."

"If you can slip away unseen by Haugh's men, go there and use your own eyes, if you think best."

"I go," was the reply, and five minutes later Enee was missing.

Haugh remained by the fire, and MacNeill, watching him, recalled Gilroy's account of the 'Dread Dozen,' and was wondering just how much of evil was in the White Whelp, when the latter suddenly came and spoke with cordiality unusual to him.

"We have struck Noah-like weather, Mr. MacNeill," he unexpectedly said.

"Something suggestive of it," replied the rover, evenly.

"I trust we shall be out of this soon. Does the chief factor seem the worse for

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HAVE SWEETHEARTS EVERYWHERE. Receive letters [illegible] Member [illegible] his adventure in the flood of today?"

"Not perceptibly."

"A fine man, Mr. Gilchrist is," pursued Haugh, his eyes watchful of his companion's face.

"Yes. He was always hospitable when I was at Fort Lanark."

"Did you find it easy to get on confidential footing with him?"

"Mr. Gilchrist," was the noncommittal reply, "is a model host and friend, but as to being confidential, I should rather describe him as of well-directed dignity."

"That fits him appropriately. Well, MacNeill, I'm about to resume operations. Would you like to go along, too?"

The Scot did not care to go, and excused himself politely, so the White Whelp walked away alone. MacNeill wondered what the brief talk meant. There had been a trap to lead him to admit confidential terms with the chief factor, and possibly another trap to lure him into the forest elsewhere, but neither had been pressed. On the whole, he classed the interview as one of the puzzling proceedings of the man that he had never understood. Haugh was hard to analyze by logic.

The rover was ill at ease. The search for Julie Daignault was still in progress and might succeed at any time. He was anxious to act, but ignorant where to search, while conflict with Veitch's men must be avoided if possible. Once he tried to get private speech with Gilchrist long enough to explain, but the Red Wolf kept close and the design failed.

The united force of bushrangers had erected a shelter of poles and pine boughs that partly kept rain out, and there the leaders and their guests remained. There, too, MacNeill watched the others closely.

Gilchrist and Veitch were polite to each other, but their peace was artificial and insecure. Joan continued to be the central figure, and mixed with her irrelevant talk was peculiar amiability to Marjorie and over-attention to the Scot. The latter element still suggested secret understanding with him, and he suspected it was intended to annoy the chief factor's daughter.

In another way Joan made her presence felt. Her father clearly had strong desire to talk privately with Marjorie, but Joan kept between them, and often interrupted harmless remarks from the Red Wolf that were addressed to her openly. Despite all the hovering troubles the day passed without collision.

Enee Barbeau had long been absent, but, soon after darkness again came, he walked quietly into camp. He ate supper unobtrusively, but when he had finished he made a secret motion to MacNeill and went outside shadow-like. As soon as was prudent the rover followed.

"We had best be among the hills," said the bushranger abruptly.

"Why?"

"I have a guess as to where the maid Julie is. Only a guess. I have needed night to work in. Will you go, too? The White Whelp and his men are near where we must hunt, and there may be danger."

"I shall be glad to meet it with you, brother. Lead on!"

"Good! Come!"

Rain no longer fell, but the pines dripped heavily and the ground was sodden. Clouds hung thick overhead, and MacNeill could see but little as they walked, tho his guide moved with confidence. For ten minutes they held their course briskly and then Enee suddenly paused.

"Behold!" he exclaimed softly. "They use torches, so they must think they are hot on the trail, and perhaps they are. I know I am. Ah! it will give me joy to beat the man with the flaxen hair and cold face!"

The bushranger resumed his way. The torches flared brightly as their holders hunted among the nature-piled rocks of the ridge. Enee watched a while and then broke into one of his rare chuckles.

"Not yet, Whelp, not yet!" he whispered. "MacNeill, there is a cave near there, but they have their attention at the wrong point. Unless I make a bad guess, I know where the entrance is. We will see."

Wheeling suddenly upon the Scot he spoke earnestly.

"Do you realize that if Thackley Haugh discovers us interfering with him he will [illegible] like prowling beasts?"

"Yes."

"Are you willing to risk it?"

"Certainly. Lead the way."

"Eh bien, I will do my best. Behold, I drop on my knees—so! He who crawls in silence is overlooked oftentimes by foes. Come!"

The torches were very near, but rocks intervened, and it was possible that good luck would prevent discovery. Enee writhed along with skill that his companion did his best to imitate, and once the leader paused to express his approval.

MacNeill found the experience both unpleasant and exciting. Thru openings between pillars of rock he saw flaming lights, and an occasional exclamation, coming to his ears, was pitched in a key that threatened ill to any one who might come into collision with the other searchers. He wondered what would happen if he and Enee were discovered.

The latter was so little concerned that he paused again, this time to sound disdain of the hunters.

"Still on the wrong track!" he murmured. "We can come and go freely if they don't happen on us by chance. If that happens—down!"

A man had stepped upon a rock that rose well above them, waving his torch widely. It was Jules Gadbois. Movement was audible beyond him, and then [illegible] sounded even nearer.

"Down!" Enee repeated. "Hug the ground!"

Jules was peering eagerly, but Thackley Haugh's voice rang sharply from behind the rock.

"Why do you waste time there, you fool? Get away, and help in work that promises something. This way!"

"I tell you I saw a moving shadow!" Gadbois persisted. "Who should it be unless the girl or a spy? Let me sight it and I'll give a good account of my wits. Shadows don't walk alone. Steady, steady! I see a man. I'll shoot, and then you come and have a look at my game. I have him covered. Come and look at a dead spy!"

The report of the pistol followed.

This remarkable story will be concluded in the next issue of the Ledger. During the coming months many great stories will appear in these columns. If you are not already a subscriber for this paper, it will repay you to send in a year's subscription. It costs you only $1.00, and you will never regret it. Let us hear from you at once.

* * *

THE SEA-LANDS.

Would I were on the sea-lands,
  Where winds know how to sting,
And in the rocks at midnight,
  The lost, long murmurs sing.

Would I were with my first love,
  To hear the rush and roar
Of spume below the doorstep
  And winds upon the door.

My first love was a fair girl,
  With ways forever new,
And hair a sunlight yellow,
  And eyes a morning blue.

The roses, have they tarried,
  Or are they dun and frayed?
If we had stayed together
  Would love, indeed, have stayed?

Ah! years are filled with learning,
  And days are leaves of change!
And I have met so many
  I knew * * * and found them strange.

But oh, the tumbled sea-lands,
  The winds that sting and blind,
The nights we watched, so silent—
  They bring dead dreams to mind.

I mind about my first love,
  And hear the rush and roar
Of spume below the doorstep
  And winds upon the door.

* * *

JUST A FEW TRIFLES.

"I was appalled," remarked the girl who likes to talk, "when I read right out calmly in an advertisement, just as tho it was a pound of cheese at thirty cents, that there was perfume to be bought at $150 a bottle! My whirling brain immediately pictured hundreds of anxious women dropping their newspapers with sighs of relief and murmuring, 'Thank goodness! Now I can have some decent perfume at last! Therese, just empty out that cheap stuff at twenty dollars an ounce that I've been using while I waited for this! And 'phone down and have them send up a crate of it while they've got it!' One would think it was something precious, from the fuss they make about getting it!

"Then I tried to imagine what perfume at $150 smelled like, but everything got black before me—and when I recovered consciousness they were holding a camphor bottle under my nose! Camphor!

"I never have paid much attention to perfumes personally," continued the woman who likes to talk, "having a deadly fear of them. If ever you have been in a crowded street car containing one young person sprinkled with New Mown Hay at twenty-five cents an ounce talking with another young woman dampened with Extract of Carnation at the same price, you feel as I do about it. I much prefer the honest and uncompromising fragrance of laundry soap at a nickel a bar! But somehow I hope I'll get introduced before I die to a woman who can afford to buy $150 perfume. I'd be awed enough to knock my head on the floor three times as I backed out.

"Then right on top of that I opened my special fashion magazine and found a lot of hints for holiday gifts written with the air of supplying a longfelt want. I remember reeling at a pretty bird cage perched on a six-foot standard, labeled 'A dainty home for Dickie.' It was ninety-five dollars and an ornament to any room. If my canary bird were ever introduced to such a home he'd be stiff on the bottom of the cage with his claws in the air inside of five seconds! He's lived in a two dollar cage all his life and been thankful to get it. I suppose that in the ninety-five dollar cage they gild each individual bird seed and set diamonds in the perches.

"There was also the picture of a quiet looking mahogany dressing-table fitted up with quite a lot of gold-topped bottles and jars, all filled, and swinging arms laden with brushes and combs and hand mirrors and button hooks. The sprightly literature beneath this said that seated before it a lady could find everything necessary for her toilet be[illegible], and while, of course, the gold-topped bottles were plain, they could be set with one's favorite jewels if so ordered. As it was, this handy little adjunct to feminine comfort was only $960 f. o. b.

"They also showed a fetching silken and lace hand-embroidered cover thrown over a chaise longue, where one was supposed to take her afternoon nap. Incidentally I'd like to have a heart-to-heart talk with any human woman who ever really went to sleep on one of those stiff and abnormal chairs that always remind me of a bad little boy running out his tongue! The reading matter said they would make up these spreads in any color for $125, and the pillows to match were fifty dollars apiece.

"I suppose it would rest one while waiting for the pudding to cook or the dust to settle so that one could dust the room, to have a chaise longue with a gold-embroidered spread handy to drop down on! You never in the world could read and eat messy chocolate creams in such a situation, tho—so I'm going to stick to my old denim couch!

"What did appeal to me, however, was a wicker-and-glass tray, with legs to sit down over your lap when you ate your breakfast in bed! It had wicker pockets for the newspaper and your mail and would make you feel just like Lady Ermentrude Gewhillikens in the cook's last paper novel! I haven't the remotest use for it, because never by any chance do I have breakfast in bed—but neither has any one else the remotest use for $150 perfume and inlaid bird cages and the like! I'm going to spend the rest of my life trailing women who look as tho they might have a seizure and buy some of those things.

"Come—I've got to purchase a cheese sandwich or some corned beef to destroy the taste of all these luxuries!"

* * *

Vindictive.

The public works department of a certain municipality has evidently a vindictive mind. Not content with such punishment of those who disobey its orders as the nature of their offense invites, it would pursue them beyond the grave and wreak still further vengeance upon them there. That, at least, is what one gather from a notice which is amusing the residents of the little town. A lad recently threw a long wire over the electric wire that runs from the local power house to the town and caused thereby considerable inconvenience, as, the current being taken to earth, the town was plunged in darkness. The lad was duly dealt with and the authorities displayed prominently, for the discouragement of other possible offenders, the following terrifying notice:

"Any person climbing the electric light poles or damaging the insulators is liable to a fatal shock and a penalty of $50."

* * *

Remained Seated.

At a church adjacent to a big military camp a service was recently held for soldiers only.

"Let all you brave fellows who have troubles stand up," shouted the preacher.

Instantly every man rose except one.

"Ah!" exclaimed the preacher, peering at this lone individual. "You are one in a thousand."

"It ain't that," piped back the only man who had remained seated, as the rest of his comrades gazed suspiciously at him. "Somebody's put some cobbler's wax on the seat, and I'm stuck."

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NOTE—NUXATED IRON recommended [illegible] King can be obtained from any [illegible] or without a physician's [illegible] absolute guarantee of suc[illegible]ded.

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What the Boys Found

Or, The Stolen Tourmaline

By Bertha Seavey Saunier

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Begun in No. 8, February 24. Subscriptions can begin with that issue or back copies can be obtained from news stands, our agents or by mail from office of publication.

PART II.

THERE were no more chasms to cross. The air was moving a trifle now and carrying the smoke with it, so that the little electric device they carried could serve the boys to better advantage. The floor was uneven and sometimes presented jagged teeth, which they tried to avoid stumbling over as they made their stealthy progress in the direction of the bear. It was not a great ways. But to the two young hunters who were momentarily expecting an attack from a wounded and enraged bear it seemed like an endless journey.

Finally they came to the spot. The bear lay stretched at full length, a weltering pool of blood at his side, his mouth partly open, showing white, sharp teeth. He looked more formidable in death than he had appeared in life. He lay across a cleft in the rocky floor in which ran a thread of water which was being discolored by the blood of the bear dripping from a wound in the throat.

"Caesar, but he is a monster!" Dick gloated, his excited vision making the game bigger than in real life. He touched the shaggy hide gingerly with the toe of his boot. "Look at his great claws! Wouldn't they tear a fellow to bits, tho?"

"The old rascal!" replied Bob, poking the bear's side with his gun. "How he would like to have [illegible] the life out of us if he could! But he hadn't a chance."

"You bet he hadn't a chance! You bet we didn't give it to him, did we? But say, Bobby, we must get him out of here so we can show our fine fellow to the folks. Pete'll be green with envy. He won't believe we killed the old hugger unless we can produce the goods."

"Well, we can produce the goods, all right. And we must be getting back to the entrance, as you say, with our fine fellow. Father will be looking for us—he'll be feeling anxious unless we show him we are safe."

"That's it," returned Dick, tightening the leather hunting belt that he wore and looking dubiously at the great hulk before him.

Bob began searching in his pockets. "We haven't even a crust to eat," he remarked, "and I must say I'm as hungry as I can be."

"Pull up your belt the way I do," Dick suggested.

"But we shouldn't go hungry with all this meat lying at our feet." Bob stared about him with a perplexed frown. "We can cut off a steak, only there isn't a blooming thing in sight to make a fire with so we could cook it. Dick, are you hungry enough to eat bear-steak raw?" he asked, with a grin.

Dick made a wry face. "N-no, not yet," he answered, and began kicking about in the dim light in the vain hope of finding firewood.

The cave contained nothing but its rocky formation—the floor, the wall, the ceiling, glistening with its cold, dull luster of creamy white; and the small stream of water gurgling at their feet was the only sound, the only voice that answered to their need. It was not very helpful to the famished hunters, who drank freely of it, but could find no solution to their problem.

"It is sure a dilemma," remarked Bob, sitting down with his light flared full upon the game. "We can't lug this animal back with us unless we get something to eat. That's a cinch."

"Well, the only thing to do is to get back to the entrance," said Dick, impatiently. "Come, let's get out of this cavernous prison as soon as we can—we will bring the others to the bear after we get together. Let us not wait, Bob. I'm getting hungry so fast I expect to starve to death if we delay much longer."

Bob grinned up at him. "You look pretty lively at present," he said, "so I suspect there is no immediate danger. Suppose, after all, we make a try at getting the bear to the entrance. I want to see the look of surprise on Ferry's face and the look of disgust on Pete's when he sees our luck. It will be worth a fortune."

"Come on, then, while I am able," replied Dick, taking another hitch in his belt and lifting at the hind quarter of the bear. "Oh, great Scot! We can't drag him more than a rod. Get a hold of him, Bob. You will see it is impossible."

They tugged and dragged and lifted, and made out to get the bear a little nearer to the chasm over which they must pass in going back whence he had come. Then they rested. It was very evident that the game would have to be abandoned for the present at least. This they decided to do, resolving to bring the rest of the party to the spot with all speed. At which decision Dick whipped out his knife and knelt down.

"Some of this carcass goes with me, then," he declared, and with skilful slashes he soon had a goodly portion of the left hind quarter severed from the body. Bob fell to and helped, and quickly they had secured enough of the meat to justify them, as they thought, in playing truant to the rest of the party. The rest of the game they promised themselves they would return for in the near future.

"Now, let's hustle," said Bob, leading the way with the light, as soon as they had washed the meat and secured it with some strings they found in their pockets. "I only hope we don't get lost in trying to get out of here," he added, as he stepped across the gaping chasm with many words of warning to his cousin, who followed in his wake.

"No danger of getting lost if you follow your nose," Dick answered, cheerful at the prospect of a smoking hot bear-steak as soon as they reached daylight.

They tramped hopefully thru one room after another, their electric torch flashing steadily upon ghostly columns of white, making weird shadows that they would not dare examine too closely, anxious as they were to keep their courage strong until the entrance should be gained.

Both boys grew very hungry. Dick declared it had been ages since they had eaten anything. Sometimes they rested out of pure fatigue, and looked about them with a strange foreboding that neither one dared mention to the other. The chambers they passed thru certainly had no familiar appearance. They failed to come to the room with the large cauldron of clear water in its center that they had seen soon after entering the cave. Again and again they started forward, hopeful of making the entrance in the next five minutes, but on and on they tramped, footsore and with growing dread, their eyes becoming haggard with the long strain and with their acute suffering. Hunger preyed upon them with cruel insistence. But they pressed on, still hoping to reach the longed-for entrance to the big cave.

At length they entered a spacious hall, a chamber larger than any that they had seen in the long hours that they had been in the cavern. Here they stood in dismayed silence, gazing at the scene which their electric bulb portrayed. It was one that they had not looked upon before, and confirmed their fear that they were hopelessly lost.

The ceiling of the chamber was fully sixty feet high, of jumbled and ragged rock, sloping this way and that, while the walls, of the same uneven plan, were fifty feet apart and fully one hundred and fifty feet in length. The floor, declining in many directions, presented a dull white surface, with here and there yawning pits of unmeasured depths showing black and forbidding, while all about were strewn great rocks scattered in confusion, as if some giant had hastily left off playing with them. In several places great bowlder-rocks were suspended from the ceiling as if by a mere finger of stone, each a menace to one that dared stand beneath.

Dick was the first one to speak.

"What the mischief is this?" he demanded, shifting his bear-meat from one shoulder to the other, his gun dropping to the floor with a thump. "I thought you knew how to find the entrance, Bob," he complained, but Bob did not deign to look at him.

"I don't know," he muttered. "It's—it doesn't look like anything we've seen before. I've read up on this cave—this cavern—and there's a banquet hall mentioned—the devil's banquet hall. But I don't know—I don't know."

"The devil's banquet hall!" repeated Dick, in disgust. "We've gone wrong, then—we've gone all wrong. Instead of getting out of the cave, we are in deeper than ever."

They continued staring about, [illegible] stupefied with their ill luck. Their sense of direction was confused, their hopes in the depths of despair. They were lost in the midst of the great cavern that no human person had ever fully explored. All the spacious dignity, all the splendor and haunting mystery of the great chamber in which they stood, was of little value to the weary and famishing hunters as they looked their chagrin and dread the one at the other.

"Well?" Dick asked.

"I don't know a thing," Bob answered.

"I thought you knew the way out," Dick repeated.

"I thought I was going right," Bob answered.

"So did I," Dick said.

"And here—here's the devil to pay."

"Yes, here's a pretty pass—a banquet hall, but no banquet in sight!" fretted Dick. "And may the devil take us and be done with it!"

"Hark!" said Bob, lifting his light to flash it to the right of them. "What is that sound?"

They listened, and the roar of falling water came to them thru a doorway some distance away at the right, and when they made their way over to it, they stood watching the great volume of water that fell apparently from a cleft in the ceiling. Bewildered and half-famished as they were, the boys forgot everything as they stood in wonder over this new scene. Dick dropped his bear-meat and walked into the chamber, a smaller one than many they had seen, and advanced toward the basin which received the water. Bob followed with the light. The basin was made of the crystal rock formation similar to the snowy columns of stalagmites and stalactites they had seen in other chambers.

"It's the devil's bathroom," Dick suggested, with a wan smile, as he gazed about on the rudely formed walls and ceiling.

"Sure. Bet he never had any other in his life," Bob replied, and turned to retrace his steps, but stopped, halting in his tracks at a glance at the doorway, which was a narrow, jagged opening in the rock-wall, and turned with a face of chalk to his cousin.

"Dick," he whispered, with a queer catch in his throat, "did you happen to notice anything there at the door?"

"No," breathed Dick. "Why?"

"Well, I saw a face there, as sure as you are alive," Bob replied, flashing the

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light again and again upon the opening in the wall, but hesitating to take a step forward until both had placed their guns in readiness.

"A [illegible]" muttered Dick, in disbelief. "Shucks! You are batty and seeing visions, already, Bob. I don't believe— "

"See to your gun," ordered Bob, recovering his senses at this derision. "The devil himself may have broken loose——"

"We'll nail him with lead," cut in Dick, excitedly, but still with a healthy disbelief in Bob's notion.

It was easy to be deceived where so many shadows danced attendance upon their light. However, the guns were made ready, and Bob, with his under his right arm, took a stealthy five steps toward the door and peered out. There was the spacious banquet hall, as solemn and as silent in its splendor as before. It seemed barren of any living thing, and with growing courage they advanced, still watchful of an attack. Still, they saw nothing to fear, and their confidence grew as they looked around.

"I told you that you were batty," Dick said, stooping to look closely at the floor. "Now," he added, "we must be going. Where's my bear-meat, tho? I dropped it here at the door—right here at the door when I went in with you to see the cascade. Hold the light, Bob, just a minute."

They searched in a sort of fear and wonder, but found no parcel of any kind anywhere on the rough floor, until Dick, stooping closer, picked up a tiny wad of paper.

"Ah!" he exclaimed. "Did you drop this, Bob?" he continued, and unwrapped the wad in idle curiosity, his thoughts still puzzling over the disappearance of the bear-meat.

He paused in amazement at what lay in the center of the paper which he unfolded. Surely, here was nothing of Bob's, of that he was positive.

"Hold hard—hold the light close, Bob. What the mischief is this thing?" he exclaimed, lifting a small stone from the paper with a thumb and finger and dropping it into the center of his palm, while the paper fell to his feet.

Bob flashed the light full upon it, and both boys gazed in surprise at the gem, which had a red, watery luster—certainly a stone of value and evidently newly polished.

"Whoever lost it has lost a whole lot, I suspect," Bob ventured, admiring the red flashes that the stone gave back in the light. "But what if it was left intentionally—by the fellow that took the meat, eh?" he added as an afterthought.

[illegible] h[illegible]g it, they could see that it was stained and worn and bore [illegible] "July." [illegible] same fellow I saw at the door," Bob declared. "He has dropped this by accident in getting away with it."

"Let's read what it says," Dick said. "Hold the light nearer, and we will read what is on the paper."

With difficulty they made out the defaced printing: "A liberal reward will be given for the return of the rubellite tourmaline which was stolen from our store on July the ninth.

"STRUTHERS BROS."

When they had read the printing, each looked his amazement at the other, then turned the stone over and over as it lay in the palm of Dick's hand.

"Is this it? Is this the stolen tourmaline, Bob?" the finder whispered, looking furtively about with suspicious glances, as if the thief might indeed be in hiding in their vicinity.

"Don't I remember that tourmaline, tho?" Bob breathed, taking the precious gem in his own palm. "Don't I remember how it glistened and flashed at me when it was in the showcase at Struthers' one day when I went in to see it? And this is the same one—I'd wager a dime it is. Don't you remember what a hue and cry there was when it was stolen? I do."

"S-so do I," Dick answered, more nervous than ever. "S-say, Bobby, w-what if the thief is right here in this room?" he whispered, stammering in fear. "You bet the stone wouldn't be here without hands and feet to bring it. What if—the face you s-saw at the door—you know——"

"Yes, that's just it," Bob hurriedly confirmed the suspicion. "I shouldn't be a bit surprised if it was the same beggar."

"W-what was it like—the face you saw, Bob? What did it look like?"

"Look like? Well, I don't want to see it again—that's all. It was hollow-eyed and wild—desperate, you know, and hungry—starving to death, I guess." Bob drew the picture of the face with difficulty. "Of course, I only had a glimpse of it, and I could see little but the eyes. They glared at me, and he wore a soft hat pulled down over them, too, but they glared something fierce."

Again they glanced about in a panic of fear, but the deadening silence and splendor of the great chamber revealed no sign of life other than themselves; and, yielding to the fear of an attack from some hiding-place they dared not explore, they hastened thru the door by which they had entered the banquet hall, and, longing more fervently than ever for a guide, they traversed chamber after chamber, eagerly and nervously on the watch for 'the face' that Bob had described.

Again and again they despaired of seeing the light of day, until at last the fear of this took away the dread of meeting with the fellow who had stolen the bear-meat. Finally, Bob, who was blazing the way with his electric light, missed the familiar fall of footsteps at his heels, and, turning, discovered Dick sitting white-faced and dejected upon the shoulder of one of the white pillars with which the cave-chamber was ornamented.

"What's up, Dick?" he asked irritably, knowing too well what the trouble was.

The boy was "done to a frazzle," but before he could reply, Bob's light, piercing beyond the pillar of white occupied by Dick, revealed the crouching form of a man, haggard-faced and fevered-eyed, with a black beard covering the lower half of the face, while a soft felt hat pulled over the forehead gave the same glaring look of hunger that haunted Bob's senses. Bob halted, a clutch of fear at his throat, and brought his gun in readiness to fire. The man put up a dirty, skeleton hand:

"Don't shoot me," he begged, "don't! I—I ain't armed—I am only sta[illegible]ving, or I was when I took your meat [illegible]"

He stopped and began pulling with his teeth at something he held in both hands. This brought Bob toward him with a stride, and Dick, suddenly forgetting his utter fatigue at the sound of a strange voice, was at his shoulder.

"Who the dickens are you? Are you lost? Where did you come from?" they demanded, amazed at the man's behavior, his savage way of eating whatever it was he had in his hand.

"Where did you come from?" implored Dick, by this time secretly glad to see a fellow prisoner of whatever type he might be if harmless. "If you know the way out—we want to get out of this terrible place—and if you can help us—we—why, we will do anything for you."

The reply to this was slow in coming, so slow that the boys had time to note the depressing features about the man that presented themselves to the searching glances directed toward him. Continuing to tear away morsel after morsel of the thing he held in his hands, the man seemed beastlike. His hands were emaciated, his clothing hung in deep folds about his body, and was much frayed at the edges and dusty with travel. The trousers were ragged at the ankles, and his shoes were broken, worn with much travel thru rough places. He was sitting, or reclining, on a rude heap of the cave's dull white rock, his elbows being bolstered with its supporting projections. His knees were sharply defined thru their threadbare [illegible]. No sane man, the boys thought, ever looked like this man, or acted like him.

"If you can show us the way to the entrance——" Dick began again, hoping to encourage the fellow by ignoring his very evident desperate frame of mind. Again they waited a reply.

"I don't know the way out," the man said at last, and paused while a new despair gripped the boys. "I came in here just behind you. I believed you'd shoot that bear, and I had to come—I was ready to eat anything, bone or flesh, I was that crazy—and I took your bear-meat——"

"Oh, is that so? You took that meat, did you?" Dick exclaimed, while a suspicion of the truth—the whole truth, which included the valuable gem—dawned upon the minds of both boys, who stood dumb and staring before him.

"I stole it, yes, but I paid, too. I paid a mighty good price for your bear-meat," he continued, still tearing morsels off and carefully masticating them while he boldly eyed his silent accusers. "I paid mighty well for what I took. Maybe you didn't find that wad of paper I left where you dropped the meat, eh?" he asked, with a look of fierce interest, again the look of an insane man, that contained both a menace and a fear.

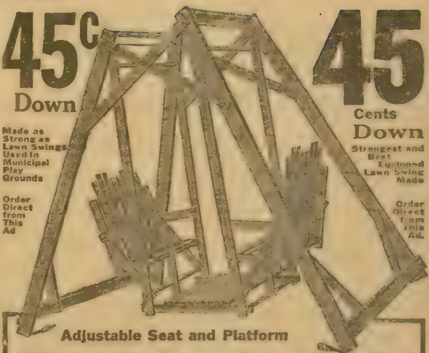
Dick eyed him with a lessening fear, believing that he was unarmed and thus harmless, and drew from his vest pocket the stone, carefully wrapped in its folds of newspaper, and held it openly in his palm, the light of Bob's electric torch flashing full upon it.

But its beauty did not affect the man. He merely nodded an assent, and said, "Don't lose it, kid," with a sinister grin, which, however, found no reflection in the youthful faces that bore down on the human mystery that they had before them.

And it occurred to each that here was the thief of the great tourmaline brought to extremes, such as few men are forced to meet, in his effort to escape capture at the hands of the detectives who were still on his trail. The thought made their heads swim with sudden dizziness. They exchanged glances.

"I never thought you would find me," he whined, his voice hollow and weak, "but I thought I'd be square and pay you for what I took away," he explained, irritated by another exchange of glances that were pregnant with understanding.

Doubtless the fellow had thought to rid himself of the stone in this way. It had become a curse to him. He thought to save his miserable life by the exchange, receiving the bear-meat, a paltry five pounds, for a gem worth thousands of dollars. He was eating the bear-meat now—raw! Dick and Bob studied him in wonder. He might have been a man in a show eating broken glass (except for the tragedy of the case), for he continued to tear at the meat with yellow, fanglike teeth that gleamed in the un-



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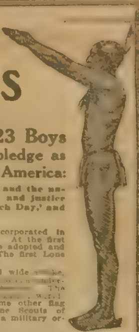

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canny place like the teeth of a wild man.

The boys felt staggered with the too plain evidence presented, yet did not openly accuse the man of the theft of the gem. Their own hunger and weariness, and the desperate proposition of getting out of the big cave, forced the man's guilt to the background. After all, they were, in a manner, of the same fate with him, in that none of the three knew how to find the entrance to the cave. They had each become lost in the puzzling maze of chambers that led to no destination other than more chambers and still more caverns. With a sigh Dick put the stone away in his pocket.

"How long have you been here?" Bob asked.

"I don't know—'bout as long as you have—but I went batty—I was so hungry," was the answer. "The last thing I had a taste of was rabbit—just a little of rabbit."

Dick jumped. "Did—did you—did you——" he stammered, and Bob, for the first time in hours, grinned.

He, however, was not diffident about putting the imposing question.

"I say, pard, was it you? Did you steal our rabbit? We were all bitten with disgust over losing it," he remarked.

The man ceased gnawing at the meat and stared blankly. Was he to be hung as a sheep instead of a lamb, then?

"I—I was trailing a hunting party," he answered recklessly, "but I'd failed to pick out any members. I didn't know you were the same——"

"It was our party," Dick declared, indignantly. For some reason unknown to himself he was more incensed over this new revelation than he had been over the theft of the bear-meat.

"We'll string you for that!" he muttered, but Bob took his arm and pressed it with a significant grip.

True enough. None of the three knew how to escape from the cave. All were prisoners. It was no time to breathe threats or to plan retributive punishment upon a fellow prisoner.

"But I didn't get much of the rabbit," the man added pensively, "only a taste. I was hiding it—it was frightfully hot—boiling hot—and I hid it where it would cool in a cleft of the mountain trail, and the blamed kettle slipped over and spilled the stuff down the side of the steeps—went straight into the abyss, I tell you, straight. I never got but a taste of it, and I was a week almost before that, without a bite, except roots and berries."

There was an impressive silence. The man began gnawing again at the meat, [illegible] watched him with growing sympathy. They began to debate the matter of tasting raw meat for their own benefit.

"Seems to me you ought to know how to get out of the cave," Dick grumbled, putting the temptation forcibly away from his mind.

"Say," said Bob, equally tempted to find out just how raw bear-meat would taste, "come along with us. Can't you do that?"

The man grasped a stick that was at his side. It might have been a staff, they thought, but the blackened extremity showed that it had been used for a torch—a pine knot, snatched from the mountainside to light him in the black cavern. It now helped to get him upon his feet, where he stood wavering a little, but evidently made strong by his recent feast of bear-meat.

"What you don't want to do," he cautioned, with considerable emphasis, "is to go around in a circle, if you want to find your way to the entrance of this cave."

The boys considered this advice as they stared at each other. Had they been traveling in a circle for the last four hours? Small wonder, then, if they made no headway toward the coveted entrance. And while they stood quite stunned with such a probability, there came drifting toward them a faint, far sound, very new and strange to ears used to the dead silence of the cave, very different from the drip and gurgle of running water. These were notes that rose and fell like the notes of a bugle, but too faint, too far, too mysterious to be given a name. All three stood tensely listening. When it had become a trifle clearer, more defined, Dick leaped forward with a bound and, placing two fingers to his mouth, gave a shrieking whistle that waked the dull echoes of the cavern.

"It's uncle!" he yelled.

"Hurray!" shouted Bob, in the same breath, "It's Ferry—it's his bugle—his camp bugle—it's the whole bunch!"

He shrieked a whistle in unison with Dick, both moving toward the sound which was growing clearer at every step. They forgot everything but the joyful prospect of a rescue—forgot their hunger, their weariness, even the strange comrade whom they had discovered, and hurried forward to meet the hunting party that they had abandoned in trailing the bear.

It was only a question of minutes when all hands met, after hours of separation, hours filled with searching effort on the part of every one concerned, to get together. Even Pete's stoical nature gave way in the general relief, and he grinned as he displayed provisions enough to satisfy the starving hunters.

"Here's another cave victim, father," began Bob, turning to introduce their fellow sufferer, but he stopped in surprise to find that no one was following, and tho he flashed his hand-lamp about in search of the man, he could not be found. "Well, I snum! The beggar has lit out, Dick, as sure as you're alive!" he declared, as no trace of the meat-thief was discovered, tho a thoro search in chamber after chamber was made, and his presence explained in part to the party.

"He's got stage fright," Dick remarked [illegible] "Let him go, but give a poor famishing lad some grub. Give me some hard-tack, Pete, if you would save my life."

"The fellow will find his way out of the [illegible] no doubt," remarked Mr. Turner, as they settled down in a convenient place and distributed the much needed food, for by this time everybody was hungry, the rescuing party having taken nothing in its anxiety to locate the missing boys.

Explanations followed. The story of the bear and his capture after the long chase, his present location, the portion that Bob carried, the portion that disappeared, and the discovery of the tourmaline and the man who left it in place of the bear-meat made interesting conversation.

"The fellow is afraid of arrest," Mr. Turner said, as he took the gem and turned it over and over in the light. "No doubt he expected we would turn him over to the detectives. They may be close on his trail—at least, he would imagine so."

"So he lit out when he heard Ferry's bugle—so-ho! Well, luck go with him. Hope he doesn't die in this cavern, that's all," Bob said.

"It's sure some gem," said Ferry, taking the stone in his own fingers and cradling it in his palm, "and the next question is, what are we to do with it?"

Dick put on a wistful face. "Wish findings was keepings," he said. "Then there would be no question about it."

"It is too valuable for that, my boy," replied Mr. Turner, "and there is only one thing to do, of course." His "of course" was final. "The stone must be returned to the store of Struthers Brothers. I suppose there can be no mistake," he added, "since the stone is of evident value. It is no doubt the one that was stolen from the jewelers."

He paused to look around at the faces of the party illumined by the hand-lamps that three of them carried, and noted the dark shadows and the ghost-like forms behind them. He had no fear of an attack from the exhausted man who had run away, and the present situation of the party appeared to him ludicrous. He smiled as the boys passed the gem about and gloated over its luster. His laugh that followed was a strange but comfortable sound in the cave-chamber.

"I feel as if we were gnomes gloating over vast treasure we have digged from the bowels of the earth," he said.

The boys smiled in sympathy, and, being comfortably fed, stretched their limbs on the stone floor to rest and plan what was to be done about the game that lay still unclaimed in the spot beyond the chasm. It was midnight by their timepieces, when, somewhat rested and refreshed, they started to recover the balance of the game, keeping a sharp lookout for the fugitive meat-thief, but he was never apprehended.

When the hunting party returned the stone to its owners, there was a handsome reward for the boys, and word of the thief's appearance in the big cave sent two detectives to the spot, but all to no purpose

It was believed by many who heard the story that the thief of the great tourmaline had perished of hunger in some remote chamber of the big cavern.

The End.

* * *

Proposal by Proxy.

One day while the Rev. J. Hines, a well-known retired Canadian missionary, was residing near Sandy Lake an Indian came to him and after much preliminary conversation said: "Well, it is about six months since my wife died, and just before she left me she said in the presence of witnesses that if I remained single until the following spring I was to get married again, and, as the leaves are already big on the trees, I have come to see you and hear what you have to say about it."

When I told him that there was no law to prohibit his taking another wife so soon, he went on, "I want you to select a wife for me."

"Why," I said, "I should not care to undertake such a responsibility, for, if I named a woman and you married her and afterward she did not please you, you would be most likely to blame me for your unhappiness."

"No, I should not," he said

Then I said, "In the first place I do not know whether you want to marry an old or a young woman, and I must have something to guide me in making a selection."

"Well," he said, "I do not want to be troubled with an old woman, and I do not suppose a young woman would care to be troubled with me; I want a woman about my own age."

I was much pleased with his words, for they seemed to me to be sensible and thoughtful; so I mentioned a widow about his own age, whom I had noticed taking a great interest in his bereaved children.

"Ah!" he said. "I knew you were guided by the Great Spirit in all you undertake. That is the very woman I have been thinking about, and how could you have known this unless the Great Spirit had guided your judgment?"

"Well," I replied, "I am glad that you look at it in that way; now you had better go and propose to her."

"No," said he, "I cannot do that. If I knew she would say 'yes,' I should go; but she might say 'no,' and Indians never like to have their petitions rejected when they go on business of that nature."

Then I asked him what he intended to do. "Why, sir," he said, "I want you to propose for me!"

Well, I was in a fix; but having yielded so far to his request, I felt bound in some way to go on to the end. So, having obtained my wife's permission, I called on the widow at my earliest convenience and explained matters to her, taking great pains to make her understand I was proposing for the other fellow and not for myself. My mission was successful, and in due course they were lawfully married, and the union proved a happy one.—"The Red Indians of the Plains."

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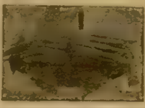

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READERS WEEKLY.

GENTLE JABS

It's a good thing to have a reputation that isn't bad.

It's impossible for one to buy friends worth the price.

Rainbow chasers get at least a run for their money.

The best jokes told about a man are those he never heard.

The pessimist never bores us with his alleged funny stories.

He is anything but a good barber who cuts an acquaintance.

Altho the average man may know when to stop, he seldom does it.

Some people tell the truth only when a lie won't answer the purpose.

Some men who don't trust themselves wonder why others won't trust them.

How it tickles a man's vanity when he is asked to settle a disputed point!

Farming is a lot of fun—unless you have to do it to make a living by it.

If every man could have his own way, how quickly others would get out of it.

Do you happen to know a father who would want his son to follow in his footsteps?

Some men make fools of themselves by doing the fool things they are asked to do.

It's hard to get turned down, but it is still harder not to be able to turn anything up.

"Live and learn" is a good motto, but at the age of 80 some men begin to live and unlearn.

Wise is the chap who catches on at the proper time and lets go at the psychological moment.

It's a fortunate thing for one-half the world that the other half doesn't know how it lives—or why.

Everybody wants something for nothing, yet very few people are satisfied with things they get that way.

The man who marries a garrulous woman for her money soon begins to realize the fact that money talks.

A man has a heavy load to carry when his wife tries to share the weight by putting his earnings all on her back.

A hero is a young man who gets married because his best girl told him that it was possible for two to live as cheaply as one.

It isn't enough to tell a girl she is pretty. Tell her she is the prettiest girl you know if you would knock the persimmons.

Taking a walk on an empty stomach is said to cure indigestion—but you should be very careful whose stomach you walk on.

The smart man knows when to quit the game, but the fool keeps everlastingly at it until he succeeds in advertising his failure.

Home and Health

FASHION NOTES.

Charmingly girlish evening dresses are trimmed with a profusion of tiny ruffles.

The overblouse is talked about as one of fashion's newest offerings and a garment that will have many uses during the season. It is made to slip on over the head.

A turban of red is very appropriate to wear with a dark blue frock. The collar and the turn-back cuffs of the frock should be faced with the same red. The effect is very pretty.

Naturally, when height-giving devices of all kinds were being revived, the tricorne hat, with its upturned sides, was hailed back into favor. And then, to make it aspire to greater heights, a feather fantasy was perched directly in the front. While this trimming idea is not new, the demand for high and ever higher hats still keeps it in fashion.

Fortunately, the great Paris designers have provided us with any number of separate skirts which get away from the rotund idea of the barrel skirt. Side-plaited or with apron and tunic effects, they form an admirable retreat for those of us who weigh on the wrong side of 140. Even when the barrel is there, it may be so gently insinuated that its trying lines lose all their sting.

❧

FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

If curtains are allowed to dry thoroly before being starched they will keep clean longer.

To remove machine oil from materials in which the colors might run use cold water to which has been added a teaspoonful of ammonia. Then wash with soap.

A drop of glycerin on pure linen will make the cloth transparent. If the material is adulterated with cotton the transparent effect will not result from the glycerin test.

Moth balls and camphor are said to draw the gloss from the fur and also tend to deprive the pelts of their natural oil, so that the use of these time-honored preservatives should be regarded with some suspicion.

Some people object to fried foods on account of the fat used. Fat need not be used; most foods can be fried simply by rubbing the pan with common table salt, then shaking it out and putting in the food to be fried.

In going over one's pictures eliminate all but the choicest and best beloved, and try to group together the pictures whose subjects are somewhat related, or which have a similarity in frames. Indeed, even when subjects are closely related, it is not possible always to hang pictures together, owing to a too great difference in the kind of frames. As a rule, any room looks better, especially small rooms, where only one color frame is used on all the pictures.

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NEEDLEWORK NOTES.

You can make your own book ends by joining two pieces of metal or wood and then covering it with a cover made of green linen, heavily embroidered in a conventional design.

A pillow sham that is unusual is made of fine white linen, ornamented with three filet crochet insets. The sham measures about fifty-nine inches long and twenty-two inches wide and is finished with a deep hemstitched hem.

A pretty crib cover and pillow is made of flesh colored poplin. Of course the cover is padded to make it sufficiently warm; but the most interesting part of the cover is the design embroidered on it. Little Bo-Peep and her sheep have been used as the motif for both the pillow and the cover. The design is outlined in old rose, and the animals' eyes are designated by beads. If you wish to make such a set for a youngster's birthday gift you can get your design from any nursery book. If you wish you can add to the set and make side pads for the crib, using the same design to decorate them. Pads of this sort are very practical, for they do the services of a screen by keeping drafts from the occupant of the crib.

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HEALTH NOTES.

To make camphorated cream take an ounce of cold cream and add eighty drops of camphor. Heat the cream before adding the camphor and beat briskly while it is cooling.

A good liver squeeze consists of standing erect, with the arms hanging naturally at the sides. Now throw the left arm over the head and bend the body at the waist as far over to the right as possible. With practice the fingers of the right hand will reach the floor. Reverse the exercise and bend to the left side.

Arms that would otherwise be lovely are frequently marred by having very coarse skin. This is due to the fact that some of the pores are closed, and a flesh brush is splendid to open them. After the brush has been used briskly apply a softening wash or an unguent. A good softener can be made from one ounce of bran with enough benzoin to moisten, and the juice of one lemon. Lemon juice, glycerin and rose water, one ounce of each, also make an excellent lotion.

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RECIPES.

EGGS A LA QUEBEC.—Cut an onion into fine dice, fry lightly in a tablespoonful of butter, then dash in a teaspoonful of vinegar. Butter a shallow dish and strew the onion in it. Break five eggs into it, being careful not to break the yolks. Bake in a hot oven until the whites are set. Dust on salt and white pepper and sprinkle with coarse breadcrumbs fried brown in butter. Garnish with parsley and serve in saucedish.

CREAM OF FRUITS.—Soak one tablespoonful of granulated gelatin in one-quarter cup of cold water, and dissolve in one-quarter cup of scalded milk, then add one-half cup sugar. Strain into a pan, set in a larger pan of ice water and stir constantly until the mixture begins to thicken. Add the whites of two eggs beaten until stiff. Dilute one-half pint of thick milk with one-third cup milk, and beat until stiff, using an egg beater. Add to the mixture, then add one-third cup cooked prunes cut in small pieces and one-third cup chopped figs. Turn into a mold first dipped in cold water and chill.

PANCAKES AND BACON.—Cook one pint broad beans, then remove the skins and break them coarsely. Break in a basin one egg, to which add four ounces self-raising flour and a little milk. Work together to a smooth batter, adding more milk till one gill has been used. Season with salt, pepper and add a pinch of fresh savory herbs, then put in the beans. Fry as many rashers of bacon as required and use the bacon fat to fry the pancakes, which should be cooked like dropped scones. When all are done dish up with the bacon around the cakes and serve very hot. Instead of broad beans, raw grated potato added to the batter is also excellent.

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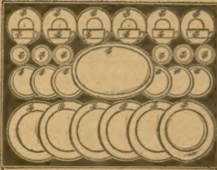
A HINT TO MOTHERS.

Keep the children from wanting to run and play in the street all the time by giving them something to do that will interest them, such as a little plot of ground where they may raise flowers or vegetables, either for pleasure or profit. The child will work as well again as one that is forced to labor simply from insistence. Let the children have things of their very own, and if these things can be sold and they want to sell them, let them do so and have the profit thus derived. Encourage them to take up new plants and each year add to their stock in hand. Lead them along interest by interest, and keep their thoughts on right things, and they will not go astray when they are older.



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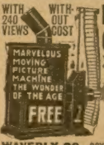
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'Tis a beautiful, glorious, witching place
With grandmas on every hand.
Everywhere you may look or go,
Everywhere that the breezes blow,
Just grandmammas! Just grandmammas!

In this wonderful country far away
Where grandmammas abide,
In this beautiful, witching Grandma-Land
The Good Things wait on every side—
Jam and jelly-cake heaped in piles;
Tarts and candy 'round for miles;
Just Good Things here! Just Good Things there.

In this wonderful country far, afar,
Where blow the candy breezes,
In this beautiful, glorious pudding-land
Each child does just as he pleases.
All thru the night, all thru the day,
Every single child has his way.
Each his own way! Just as he pleases!

In this wonderful country far away—
In this gorgeous grandma clime—
When tired children can eat no more,
There are stories of "Once on a Time."
Stories are told and songs are sung,
Of when the grandmammas were young—
"Once on a Time!" "Well, let me see!"

To this wonderful country far, afar,
Where only Good Things stay,
To this beautiful, glorious Grandma-Land
Good children only find the way.
But when they sleep and when they dream
Away they float on the gliding stream
To Grandma-Land! To Grandma-Land!
—Hayden Carruth.

❧

WEAVER AND KING.

Once upon a time the King of a far country was sitting on his throne, listening to the complaints of his people and judging between them, when a sudden stir was heard outside, and the Lord High Chamberlain entered and inquired if his majesty would be graciously pleased to receive the ambassador of a powerful Emperor who lived in the East, and was greatly feared by the neighboring sovereigns. The King, who stood as much in dread of him as the rest, gave orders that the envoy should be admitted at once and that a banquet should be prepared in his honor.

The envoy said nothing. He advanced to the throne where the King was awaiting him, and stooping down traced on the floor with a rod which he held in his hand a black circle all around it. Then he sat down on a seat that was near, and took no further notice of any one.

The King and his courtiers were equally mystified and enraged at this strange behavior, but the envoy sat as calm and still as an image, and it soon became plain that they would get no explanation from him. The ministers were hastily summoned to a council, but not one of them could throw any light upon the subject. This made the King more angry than ever, and he told them that unless before sunset they could find some one capable of solving the mystery he would hang them all.

The King was, as the ministers knew, a man of his word, and they quickly mapped out the city into districts, so that they might visit house by house, and question the occupants as to whether they could fathom the action of the ambassador. Most of them received no reply except a puzzled stare; but, luckily, one of them was more observant than the rest, and on entering an empty cottage where a swing was swinging of itself, he began to think it might be worth while for him to see the owner. Opening a door leading into another room, he found a second swing, swinging gently like the first, and from the window he beheld a patch of corn, and a willow which moved perpetually without any wind, in order to frighten away the sparrows. Feeling more and more curious, he descended the stairs and found himself in a large, light workshop in which was seated a weaver at his loom. But all the weaver did was to guide his threads, for the machine that he had invented to set in motion the swings and the willow pole made the loom work.

So without more ado the minister told the story of the circle and ended by declaring that the person who could explain its meaning should be handsomely rewarded.

"Come with me at once," he said. "The sun is low in the heavens and there is no time to lose."

The weaver stood thinking for a moment and then walked across to a window, outside of which was a hencoop with two knuckle bones lying beside it. These he picked up, and taking the hen from the coop he tucked it under his arm.

"I am ready," he answered, turning to the minister.

In the hall the King still sat on his throne and the envoy on his seat. Signing to the minister to remain where he was, the weaver advanced to the envoy and placed the knuckle bones on the floor beside him. For answer the envoy took a handful of millet seed out of his pocket and scattered it around; upon which the weaver set down the hen, who ate it up in a moment. At that the envoy rose without a word and took his departure.

As soon as he had left the hall the King beckoned to the weaver.

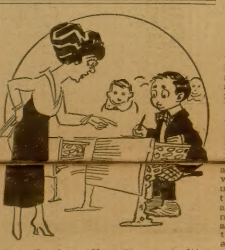
"You alone seem to have guessed the riddle," said he, "and great shall be your reward. But tell me, I pray you, what it all means."

"The meaning, oh King," replied the weaver, "is this: The circle drawn by the envoy round your throne is the message of the Emperor, and signifies, 'If I send an army and surround your capital, will you lay down your arms?' The knuckle bones which I placed before him told him, 'You are but children in comparison with us. Toys like these are the only playthings you are fit for.' The millet that he scattered was an emblem of the number of soldiers that his master can bring into the field; but by the hen which ate up the seed he understood that one of our men could destroy a host of theirs.

"I do not think," he added, "that the Emperor will declare war."

"You have saved me and my honor," cried the King, "and wealth and glory shall be heaped upon you. Name your reward and you shall have it even to the half of my kingdom."

"The small farm outside the city gates, as a marriage portion for my daughter, is all I ask," answered the weaver, and it was all he would accept. "Only, oh King," were his parting words, "I would beg of you to remember that weavers also are of value to a state, and that they are sometimes cleverer even than ministers!"



The Teacher—"Haven't you written that theme? I gave you the subject an hour ago and you haven't written a line."

Little Jimmie—"You said to write it on one side of the paper only and you haven't yet told me which side."

Prepare This for a Bad Cough—It's Fine

Cheaply and Easily Made, but Does the Work Quickly.

The finest cough syrup that money can buy,—costing only about one-fifth as much as ready-made preparations,—can easily be made up at home. The way it takes hold and conquers distressing coughs, throat and chest colds will really make you enthusiastic about it.

Any druggist can supply you with 2½ ounces of Pinex (50 cents worth). Pour this into a pint bottle and fill the bottle with plain granulated sugar syrup. Shake thoroughly and it is ready for use. The total cost is about 54 cents and gives you a full pint—a family supply—of a most effectual, pleasant tasting remedy. It keeps perfectly.

It's truly astonishing how quickly it acts, penetrating through every air passage of the throat and lungs—loosens and raises the phlegm, soothes and heals the inflamed or swollen throat membranes, and gradually but surely the annoying throat tickle and dreaded cough will disappear entirely. Nothing better for bronchitis, spasmodic croup, whooping cough or bronchial asthma.

Pinex is a special and highly concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract, combined with guaiacol and is known the world over for its prompt healing effect on the throat membranes.

Avoid disappointment by asking your druggist for "2½ ounces of Pinex" with full directions and don't accept anything else. A guarantee of absolute satisfaction or money promptly refunded goes with this preparation. The Pinex Co., 204 Main Street, Ft. Wayne, Ind.

PROBLEM IN PRONUNCIATION.

One day in a smoking compartment of a suburban train two passengers were discussing the pronunciation of the word "Stough," which appeared on the wall of a small station they had just passed.

They could not agree, so they submitted the question to one of the company, who was a schoolmaster.

"Why," said he, "if r-o-u-g-h spells ruff I should think s-t-o-u-g-h would spell stuff."

"What do you think about it?" said one of the gentlemen to a board of trade man.

"I should think it would be pronounced 'stoo,'" he replied. "You know t-h-r-o-u-g-h spells throo."

The question was put another occupant of the carriage.

"Why," said he, "anybody ought to know that. T-h-o-u-g-h, tho, s-t-o-u-g-h, sto, of course."

Still another occupant was asked for an opinion.

"I should call it 'stoff,'" said he. "C-o-u-g-h spells coff, and I don't see how s-t-o-u-g-h can spell anything but stoff."

Then a gray-haired man with the air of a capitalist turned round in his seat and, with the intrepidity of one who speaks from absolute knowledge said: "It is pronounced with the sound of 'ow'—stow."

"Well," said one of the parties to the controversy, "what confounded fool gave such a name to a town?"

"It was named after me," said the gray-haired man. "I laid out the small town; my name is Stough."

❧

AN AWFUL STORY.

There was once an awful little girl who had an "awful" to everything. She lived in an awful house in an awful street, in an awful village, which was an awful distance from every other awful place. She went to an awful school, where she had an awful teacher, who gave her awful lessons out of awful books. Every day she was so awful hungry that she ate an awful amount of food, so that she looked awful healthy. Her hat was awful small and her feet were awful large. When she took an awful walk she climbed awful hills, and when she got awful tired she sat down under an awful tree to rest herself. In the summer she found herself awful hot, and in winter awful cold. When it did not rain there was an awful drought, and when the awful drought was over there was an awful rain. So that this awful girl will come to an awful state, and if she does not get rid of this vulgar way of saying "awful" about everything, I am afraid she will, by and by, come to an awful end.

❧

NOT ALWAYS.

"And now, boys," concluded the eminent visitor to the school, "never be in too great a hurry. More haste, less speed. Remember the hare and the tortoise. Jog on the weary way, and you will arrive just as soon. Let 'slow but sure' be your motto. Then you can't go wrong. Be slow and you will be sure."

"Not always, sir," piped a young urchin.

"Not always? How do you make that out?"

"There's lots of things that's slow, but they ain't even sure."

"Oh? Name one, then."

"Please, sir, a watch."

❧

A PROBLEM.

Little Elizabeth and her mother were having luncheon together, and the mother, who always tried to impress facts upon her young daughter, said:

"These little sardines, Elizabeth, are sometimes eaten by the larger fish."

Elizabeth gazed at the sardines in wonder and then asked:

"But, mother, how do the large fish get the cans open?"

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Send no money. Simply name and address. We will send you, postpaid, 12 boxes of our famous **White Cloverine Salve,** also 12 beautiful Art Pictures, 16x20 in. Sell the **Cloverine** at 25c. each and give one beautiful picture free with each box. Return us $3 collected and we will immediately send you six (three pair) beautiful Nottingham Lace Curtains nearly three yards long. You will be proud of them. Everyone buys after you show pictures—stores usually charge $1 each for them. A doctor discovered "Cloverine." Millions using it for Cuts, Eczema, Piles, Colds, Catarrh. Write to-day.

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Does it **Flutter, Palpitate or Skip Beats?** Have you **Shortness of Breath, Tenderness, Numbness, or Pain in left side, Dizziness, Fainting Spells, Spots before eyes, Sudden Starting in sleep, Nervousness, Hungry or Weak Spells, Oppressed Feeling in chest, Choking Sensation in throat, Painful to lie on left side, Sinking or Smothering Sensation, Difficult Breathing, Heart Dropsy or Swelling of feet or ankles?** If you have one or more of the above symptoms, don't fail to use **Dr. Kinsman's Heart Tablets.** Not a secret medicine. It is said that one person out of every four has a weak heart. Probably three-fourths of these do not know it, and hundreds wrongfully treat themselves for the **Stomach, Lungs, Kidneys** or **Nerves.** Don't take any chances when **Dr. Kinsman's Heart Tablets** are within your reach. More than 1000 endorsements furnished.

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If you have been threatened or have GALLSTONES INDIGESTION, GAS or pains in the right side, write for valuable Book of Information **FREE**
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are promptly relieved with inexpensive home treatment. It removes the pain, swelling, tiredness and disease. Full particulars on receipt of stamp. **W. F. YOUNG, P. D. F., 337 Temple St, Springfield Mass.**

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This picture shows one of our friends driving an automobile like the one we are going to give away. In the scenery and around the automobile are six partly hidden faces which it will be lots of fun for you to find. Can you find them? Try it. If you do, we will give you a beautiful

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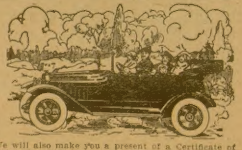
When you have found four of the faces, mark each with a cross (X), cut out the advertisement and mail it to us, and inclose four cents in stamps for packing, postage, mailing, etc., of the beautiful free surprise present which we will send you. You will delight in owning this present.



AUTOMOBILE GIVEN AWAY We will also make you a present of a Certificate of Entry for 2,000 free auto votes, and tell you all about this splendid touring car which we are going to give away free.

MEN, WOMEN, BOYS AND GIRLS You can also win, in addition to the automobile, splendid prizes such as phonographs, jewelry, silverware, bicycles, cameras and other things you like, without contest. We will also send you a copy of two national publications worth ten cents.

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Either the Chicago Ledger or Saturday Blade $1.00 a year each; 6 months for 50 cents. The Blade and Ledger together $1.50 a year (52 issues); 6 months for 75 cents; 4 months 50 cents.

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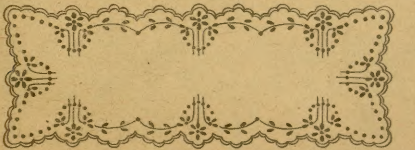

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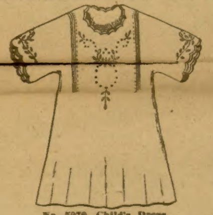
NO. 4911, BUREAU COVER—Conventional pattern, the design is stamped on 17x52-inch white linen. We include four skeins of cotton floss for embroidering design. Given for one year's subscription, new or renewal, to the Blade and the Ledger, for $1.50.



No. 5070, Child's Dress.

NO. 5070, CHILD'S DRESS—Beautifully stamped on 1½ yards of white lawn or nainsook. We include three skeins of cotton floss for embroidering design. Sent with one year's subscription, new or renewal, to the Blade and the Ledger for $1.50.

That Cannibal Isle.

(Continued From Page 10.)

Martella was peering eagerly thru the glasses.

"Is he going to shoot again?" I asked her.

"No, he has climbed on up higher; the savages are nearly upon him; he has thrown his rifle aside; he is standing out upon a narrow ledge over the sea——"

"Then, Martella," I broke in, "he is saved!"

She turned upon me wondering.

"How can you say that—what do you mean?"

"I mean," I answered, "that he has the nerve to attempt a dive into the sea from that dizzy height——"

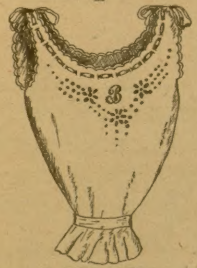
Even as I spoke Martella cried out; and there in the distance I saw a form flashing down from the sky—a perfect head-dive! In another second or two he cleaved the water; then he was up to the surface again, and swimming away in the direction of the Roo royal yacht. From the heights above the frenzied Loos looked down, and raged and shrieked in their impotent fury and wrath. But Kahanamoku swam leisurely on out to sea.

"He has gone to join the Roos," I commented, watching his course thru the glass. But Martella corrected: "He has gone to join—Nalira!"

And now I come to that portion of my story which is so strange, so remote from the usual run of things, I hesitate to narrate further. For surely there will be those who will scoff at what I say, and remark, perhaps, that such things could not happen! And yet—why should I state anything here but what actually occurred? What good would it do me to deviate one iota from the actual truth in this matter? None at all. And so I say to you—believe or not as you choose—that of a sudden little Martella sprang up with a wonderful cry of gladness, and ran toward her cabin, just as I was weighing anchor to put forth to sea. She stooped and picked up something from the roof of her cabin, then came running joyfully with it to me.

Good, faithful old Kahanamoku had taken the one course left open—a desperate chance—for us to regain our treasured belonging. The missile which he shot out of Black Dave into the shaggy bear skin was—the Ruby of Roo!

The End.



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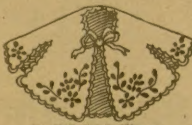
NO. 4048, CORSET COVER—This modish corset cover is stamped on a fine quality of white nainsook, and we include three skeins of cotton floss for working the design. This will be sent for a year's subscription, new or renewal, $1.00, to the Blade or the Ledger.



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NO. 2005, BABY'S KIMONO—Conventional design, is stamped on white linen. We also include three skeins of cotton floss for embroidering the design. This will be given for $1.00 in subscriptions, new or renewal, to either the Blade or the Ledger.

* * *

Mild Request.

Old John Gargoyle lived only for his garden. It was to him what a growing son is to other men.

At the end of it stood a telephone post, and one morning Gargoyle watched with feelings of horror a telephone mechanic climb his back wall.

He descended into the garden, bringing with him about a dozen loose bricks, and fell full length into a bed of sweet peas.

He picked himself up, dragged a heavy ladder across a patch of lettuce and dropped it into a cucumber frame. Then he took a short cut, in his hobnailed boots, across some vacant beds where many precious bulbs were interred.

Finally, after slipping over a clump of priceless roses, he appeared under the dining-room window, where Gargoyle stood in speechless fury.

"'Scuse me, sir," he remarked, "but the telephone people are very particular about us trespassing on private ground where we have fixtures. Can I have permission to enter your garden, sir?"

* * *

Inadequate.

The tramp leaned against the door jamb, while Miss Annabel Sheldon peered out at him thru the screen, and he gazed past her at the kitchen table.

"You look strong," said Miss Annabel. "Are you equal to the task of sawing and splitting half a cord of wood?"

"Equal to it, madam?" said the tramp. "The word is inadequate. I am superior to it." And down the road drifted a cloud of dust raised by his patient, plodding feet.

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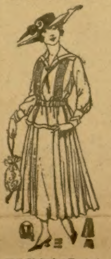
Hundreds of Patterns to Select From

The great difficulty in making one's own garments is to get suitable patterns. Our women readers could make many pretty and useful things for themselves and their children if they could get well-made patterns. We have arranged to give our readers a pattern service unexcelled.

We have a splendid offer of the best and most fashionable patterns that can be produced by the greatest designers of New York and Paris, and what is more, these patterns will be within the reach of every one, and every one will have a wide selection to choose from. **Read our splendid offer below.**



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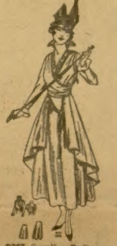

9267 Surplice Bodice, 34 to 42 bust.

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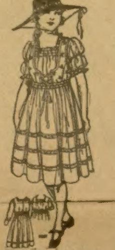

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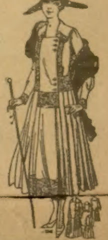

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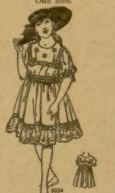

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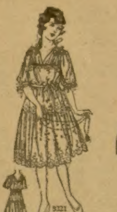

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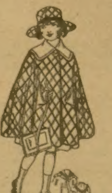

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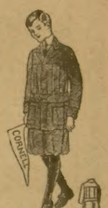

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These patterns are the best that can be made. Each pattern gives full directions for the cutting and making, with information as to the amount of cloth required, etc., so that any one can make any of the designs illustrated with no trouble at all. At the same time, they are so stylish and accurately cut that dressmakers and seamstresses all over the country will be quick to take advantage of this liberal offer. Some will subscribe for two years so they can get ten coupons. These designs are made by the best designers and modists of New York and Paris, and are up-to-the-minute in fashion and beauty.

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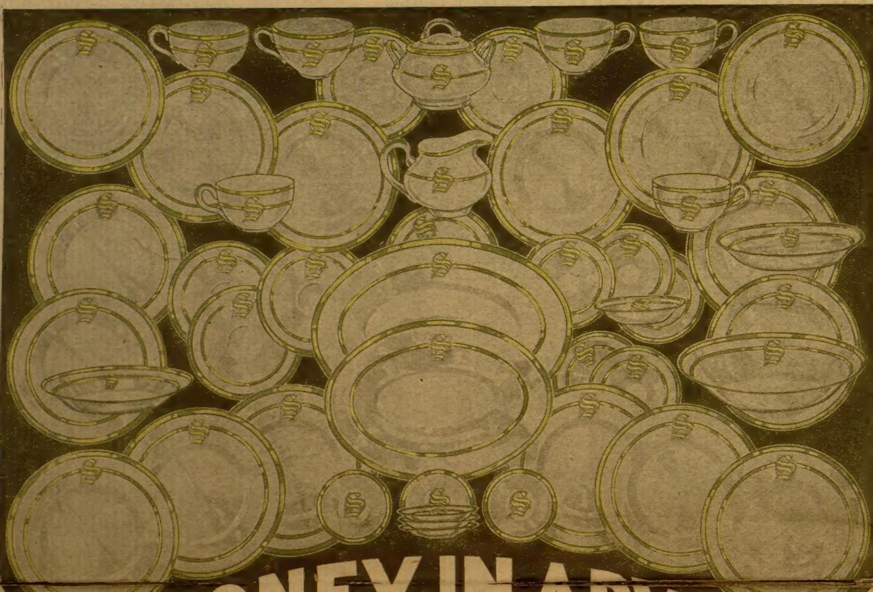

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Every one who has seen these dishes says they are the biggest value for the money they ever saw. Think of it—only 8c apiece for real gold initialed, gold decorated tableware! Every piece of full size for family use, made of strong, pure white porcelain, exquisitely decorated with gold stripings and handsome Old English gold individual monogram (your own initial) with embellishments in gold.

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We will have an enormous sale on this grandest of all bargains, so do not delay but send in the coupon below at once for your dishes, so you will not be disappointed. We have only 10,000 sets to offer. Send no money—simply send coupon.

This Beautiful Set Consists of

48 Pieces of Snowy-white Porcelain Ware with Band of Gold around outside edges and Neat Gold Stripe Decoration as illustrated. Beautiful Old English Initials are also in Gold to harmonize perfectly. The 48 pieces are 6 Dinner Plates, 9½ in.—6 Breakfast Plates, 7¾ in.—6 New Style Deep Soup Coupes (not old style soup plates)—6 Tea Cups—6 Tea Saucers—6 Fruit or Sauce Dishes—6 Butter Dishes—1 Deep Open Vegetable Dish, 9¾ in.—1 Meat Platter, 11½ in.—1 Meat Platter, 9¾ in.—1 Sugar Bowl and Cover (2 pieces) and 1 Cream Pitcher.

SEND THIS COUPON—DON'T SEND MONEY

HARTMAN FURNITURE & CARPET COMPANY,
3926 **Wentworth Ave., Dept. 561, Chicago, Ill.**

Send at once, complete 48-Piece Gold Decorated Gold Monogram Dinner Set. If found satisfactory, I will pay you 60c in 10 days after dishes arrive and pay the balance 65c a month for 5 months until your special price of $3.85 is paid. Otherwise I will return dishes.

Write in this space initial wanted.

Name..

Address...

Write full name and address above—very plainly.

Your Initial In Gold on Each Piece

S

This letter shows exact size on dishes.

A B C D E F G H I J K L M
N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z

Individual Monograms shown above are small reproductions of those on dishes. Write in square at lower left hand corner of coupon the one initial you wish. These monograms are in the latest Old English style, and look rich and beautiful. If the initial you select is not the same as initial in your name, we will understand that you are sending for this Beautiful Dinner Set to present it to someone. This 48-Piece Dinner Set makes a beautiful gift—one that will be remembered and appreciated as long as used. **Send your name and address NOW—TODAY! Send no money!**

HARTMAN FURNITURE AND CARPET COMPANY
3926 Wentworth Avenue, Dept. 561, CHICAGO, ILL.